

teleSCOPE

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

SEP 11 1964

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



MAY + JUNE

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A. J. MacLeod, Q.C.

PENITENTIARY SERVICE

V.S.J. Richmond — *Warden*

A.J. Jarvis — *Deputy Warden*

J.M. Murphy — *Classification Officer*
Telescope Liaison Officer

ARTISTS

Fred Segriff

J. Cullen

V. Mulligan

EDITORIAL BOARD

T. Thompson

S. Heath

K. Brymer

R. Fairchild

PRINT SHOP INSTRUCTOR

F. Revell

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR

S.W. Kelly

PRINTING STAFF

Compositor

George Breene

Pressmen

P. Norton

W. Worsfold

Cutter

A. Crispin

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Fred Segriff

Alan Baker

George Barnes

Jay Johnson

Donald Foster

Ronnie Druce

Des. Lawrence

D. Pilon

Mary Margaret Thomason

Vince Mulligan

G. Vokey

Reno Taylor

Skip Irving

R. Glover

F.L. Randall Ph. D.

Harry Wilson

ARTICLES

The Reception and Discharge Centre.....	<i>T. Thompson</i>	7
The Tools to Work With.....	<i>T.T. Glover</i>	22
Formula For Despair.....	<i>Donald Foster</i>	28
UNDERDOG.....	<i>Guest Article</i>	34
Possibilities of the Penal Press.....	<i>F.L. Randall Ph.D.</i>	39

FEATURES

Penal News.....	<i>Jack Caplin</i>	2
Prisms		12
The Warden's Diary.....	<i>Fred Segriff</i>	17
The Telescope Crossword Puzzle.....	<i>G. Vokey</i>	19
The Rhythm Room.....	<i>Reno Taylor</i>	20
Work is the Cure.....	<i>Reader's Digest</i>	23
Poet's Page		26
Spotlight On Sports.....	<i>Vince Mulligan</i>	44
Letters to the Editor.....		49
The Crossword Puzzle Answers.....		50
Penal Press Review.....	<i>K. Brymer</i>	52

HUMOR

Cowferdakuv!.....	<i>Jay Johnson</i>	13
Invaded!.....	<i>R. Glover</i>	30
A Report on the American Automobile.....	<i>Alan Baker</i>	36
Kicking the Habit.....	<i>S.S. Heath</i>	24

MAY CENSUS

High Number	822	Low number	1378
Received during month	79	Deaths	0
Paroles	0	Expiration of sentence	14
Transferred	73	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	0	Total Population	855

Permission for republication of material in this issue is freely granted on the understanding that usual credits be given to author and magazine.

PENAL NEWS

PENAL REFORM IN ONTARIO

Getting Rid of the Jails

The Provincial Government has launched a penal reform program to wipe out most of 26 city and county jails built before Confederation.

Eight Gaols—Barrie, 1843; Belleville, 1838; Brockville, 1842; Cornwall 1833; Godrich, 1841; London, 1843, L'Orignal, 1828, and Picton, 1824—have been caging malefactors for more than 120 years. Reform Institutions Minister Allen Grossman admits they are more like places from which Oscar Wilde wrote, or in which Dickensian debtors were thrown than modern rehabilitation centers.

Only five of Ontario's 37 city and county jails were built since 1900. The reform program aims at reducing local lockups to about 16 and introducing the entire jail system to the 20th century. "There are so many that are so inappropriate, and so out of date, that inevitably a program of replacement must begin. As a matter of fact, quite a few are now actively considering replacement," he said. When these jails were built one purpose was paramount: the custody of the accused or convicted to give maximum protection to society.



"While I have not visited all the jails of the province, those that I have seen, even though cleanly kept and so on, could not by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as rehabilitation units," Mr. Grossman said. In some of our present jails it is impossible, particularly when they are overcrowded, to maintain the desirable segregation, so that the old and the young, the sophisticated and the unsophisticated, the sick and the well, the perverted and the normal, the addict and the dangerous cannot be adequately segregated and classified.

John Howard's Mr. Kirkpatrick, who called the Government's plan "first class" and "forward looking", stressed the need for more classification of inmates. He describes the jails as the funnel through which everyone, including those subsequently proved innocent, is poured into the correctional system. The untried get relatively the same accommodation as the convicted.

Reform specialists hope to overcome many of these difficulties in the new

rehabilitation units. The units will provide maximum security only for the small percentage of people who need it, and they will have separate sections for remand prisoners.

Mr. Grossman's department has plans for a great deal more research. During this session, the Legislature approved a \$30,000 grant to the centre of criminology being set up by the University of Toronto. The department is setting up its own research section. Dr. Tadeusz Grygier, whose background in corrections, and social work, is extensive, took over as director of the section a week ago. It is the first in Canada.

(Via The Toronto Telegram)

PAROLED "LIFERS" NO RISK

Virginia: According to a Virginia Parole Board report only 13, or 11.4 per cent, of the 114 life-termers released on parole in the five-year period ending June 30, 1963, were declared delinquent. Two of the original 114 were later granted conditional pardon and four died while under supervision. Most of the new offences committed by the 13 men were of a minor nature against property and not persons. The report observed that although the violation rate of life-termers will undoubtedly increase as additional prisoners are released, the record so far indicates a sound system of parole selection, and the parole of lifers, when properly supervised, "constitutes no undue risk."

Commenting on this topic, the *Norfolk Virginia Pilot* (Oct. 15, 1963) added:

A paradox of Virginia parole is that while life-termers are being released under supervision, a majority of the short-termers (with sentences up to

five years) are by-passing parole and leaving prison without supervision. These are young offenders who make the best risks. With a third of their sentences deducted for good behavior and further reductions of sentences for blood donations, they leave the penitentiary without restraints.

If the General Assembly is willing to entrust the Virginia Parole Board with authority to parole life-termers, why isn't it willing to enact an indeterminate sentence law that will assure it equal jurisdiction over the short-timers as well?

(Via: NCCD News)

NEW HALF-WAY HOUSE OPENS SOON AT GANANOQUE, ONT.

In June of this year Keith Branton of Kingston, Ontario, will be opening a half-way house for ex-prisoners. The function of which is to provide a home in which these men may adjust to normal living and to assist them in finding employment.

There will be no definite pattern and no hard and fast rules, but Mr. Branton says the recently inmate's job will be to plan for the future. This half-way house will not be operated in the full sense of a farm, but each arrival will be expected to pitch in and help with whatever job that might be on the go at the time. It will be called the *MEL-MARK FARM* and the address is R.R. 3, Gananoque, Ontario.

C.Y.A. CAN KEEP AWARD

A new law allows the California Youth Authority to petition a committing court for permission to keep a ward in an institution an additional two years if he is considered dangerous. The extension covers cases where the Authority's jurisdiction would end with the offender's attainment of a certain age.

CRIME UP 10% SAYS F.B.I.

National crime figures show a 10% increase for 1963 over the preceeding year, according to figures released by the FBI, crimes against property accounted mainly for the increase.

Auto thefts and larceny led the way with an increase of 11%; burglaries accounted for 9%; aggravated assaults up 8%; robberies 5% and murders up 1%.

The FBI's Law Enforcement Bulletin quotes Director J. Edgar Hoover as predicting a sharp rise in the crime rate in 1964 unless there is a radical change in the nation's behavior patterns.

"An alarming number of persons not only are doing their part," said Hoover, "but are overtly aligning themselves with violators against law enforcement officers who are discharging their sworn duties." He went on to cite cases of ill treatment of police officers.

(Via: Presidio)

WINDOWLESS SCHOOLS TO FOIL VANDALS

The New York City Board of Education, which has spent nearly \$1,000,000 last year to replace broken windows, is moving to counteract vandalism with plans that range from building windowless schools to installing unbreakable glass.

The latest innovation will be a new, fully-conditioned, windowless school scheduled for construction this year. Another school will have windows facing interior courts, and a third will have specially designed decorative screens to cover about two-thirds of each window.

PRISONER INCREASE HIGH

Canada's Federal prison population is growing at a "Fantastic rate," A.J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries said in an interview.

Mr. MacLeod on a routine visit to Saskatchewan Penitentiary, said Federal prison population has increased by 585 since last September, to the point where there are 7,600 prisoners in the prisons compared with 5,700 in 1958.

"While things are badly overcrowded in the maximum security institutions," Mr. MacLeod said, "I expect in the next three years, through the penitentiary service regional expansion program that this situation will be relieved". He expected each prison, whatever its type, would be levelled off to about a maximum of 450 prisoners.

Via: The Windsor Star)

MISSOURI RECOGNIZES SUGGESTED NEED FOR REORGANIZATION

A study team from Southern Illinois University's Crime Prevention Commission recently completed a survey and revealed the "gravity of the present situation at the state penal institution." The results are in essence a repetition of physical problems in the neighboring states of Missouri. Missouri plans to follow the recommendations in up-grading its underpaid and under-trained custodial force. The Director of Corrections says a sincere attempt will be made to establish a harmonious communication between the inmate population and supervisory personnel. One has to stop and ponder what will happen to Missouri's neighbors who still favor archaic penology procedures.

(Via: The Stretch.)

PUBLIC DEFENDER DEMANDED IN EVERY ONTARIO COUNTY

WINDSOR—A plea for public defenders and a warning that free legal aid can become blackmail were heard yesterday as the joint committee on legal aid wound up three days of hearings in Western Ontario.

Establishment in every county of government-appointed and paid public defenders to provide legal help for those who cannot afford it was urged by the Windsor Chamber of Commerce.

Chamber spokesman Grant McCready, urging replacement of the present lawyer-operated "shoestring" legal aid plan, said providing legal help for those unable to pay is a public responsibility.

Common In U.S.

Public defenders familiar to many TV viewers operate in 123 U.S. centres. In its brief, the chamber estimated 60 per cent of all accused persons cannot afford a lawyer. Yet the heavy load of defending them is borne by a small number of young lawyers who volunteer to take these cases without charge.

The seven lawyers and government officials on the committee are studying possible legal aid plan.

U.K. Precedent

Mr. McCready said the young lawyers are matched against experienced prosecutors and have to "operate on a shoestring" to pay for transcripts and witnesses expenses, and to prepare a proper defence.

"Each side should have the opportunity of presenting its case without one side being dependent on charity," he added.

The link between legal aid and blackmail was brought up by Windsor lawyer Carl Zalev. He cited cases in England where civil actions brought under the legal aid system by persons who otherwise could not afford to act, amounted to legal blackmail.

In one case, defendants of a 41-day false arrest suit were stuck with a large part of the \$90,000 costs of the action which was dismissed.

W.B. Common, deputy attorney-general, doubted the same could happen here

BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ

Robert Stroud, the convicted murderer who became known as the "Birdman of Alcatraz" for his definitive book on the diseases of birds, died Nov. 22, 1963, in the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, at Springfield, Mo.

(Via: NCCD NEWS)

HALFWAY HOUSES TO HELP ADDICTS

Plans have been made to establish halfway houses in New York City, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles to help narcotic addicts adjust to normal living after release from hospitals or prisons. New York City will have three such halfway houses; the other cities, one each. The program will be assisted financially by the National Association for the Prevention of Addiction to Narcotics (known as Napan), of which District Attorney Frank D. O'Connor of Queens (New York City) is the national campaign chairman.

(Via: NCCD NEWS)

JUVENILES DENIED CHANCE FOR REHABILITATION

According to State Institutions Commissioner Chauncey Browning, Jr., the law does not give juvenile offenders the same chance for rehabilitation that it gives adults. Although adults get supervision on probation or parole and a thorough examination is made of the environment to which they will be released, the same does not hold true for juveniles.

Browning stated that he has no case-workers to examine the place to which a boy or girl will return and must depend on the state Welfare Department (West Virginia) for help. There is no pre-release investigation and no follow-up after the juvenile is released.

The adult population in state prisons had decreased in recent years, while the juvenile population within the last ten years had remained almost stationary.

WHIPPING SENTENCE REMAINED

Delaware: The Delaware Supreme Court ruled on the first of the year that a judge sentencing a man to the whipping post must name the exact date of the whipping.

Because no date had been fixed in the case of a man sentenced by Supreme Court Judge Stewart Lynch to 20 lashes, March 17, the sentence was declared illegal. The Supreme Court ordered resentence of the man, but upheld his conviction on a charge of participating in a \$4 robbery.

In his original sentence, Judge Lynch had said the whipping should be administered on the first day after receipt of a decision by the U.S. Supreme Court in another case. He also sentenced the man to 25 years in prison and a fine of \$500.

(Via: NCCD NEWS)

MOLLYCODDLING OF CONVICTS IRKS M.P.

(From Kingston Whig Standard)

London England (AP); April 6 1964:—An irate conservative legislator complained that soft music at Pentonville Prison is making life for the convicts far too—well soft.

"I think its absolutely disgraceful to mollycoddle prisoners in this way," said Fredrick Burden, member of parliament for Gillingham. "I am determined to stop it from spreading to other prisons."

Burden, 58, retired from the R.A.F. as a squadron leader.

The legislator said that he had discovered that the inmates of Pentonville prison—a grimy fortress in North London—are no longer awakened at 6:30 by a clearing bell.

Instead, dreamy music is piped into the cells from a £3,000 radio installation. The music is from the B.B.C.'s regular **Bright and Early** program.

Said Burden: "Apparently the prisoners objected to being awakened by a bell. So the governor decided that pleasant music would be a better substitute."

Burden said that he will ask the government in the house of commons next week by what authority the change was made.

"What are we coming to?" he asked. "WE might as well give all the prisoners television sets in their cells and allow them to invite their girlfriends in for the week-end."

EDITORS NOTE:

"Tch, tch, tch!"

THE RECEPTION AND DIS-CHARGE CENTRE



Mr. A.J. Brooks, the officer in charge of this department.

—T. Thompson

The Reception Centre of Kingston Penitentiary is on the main floor of a three-story, limestone building, known as the North West Cell Block. Two officers and four inmates work full time in this department. They receive and process all the new prisoners immediately upon their arrival, check out the inmates who are being transferred to other institutions, and arrange the discharge of those men who have completed their prison terms.

Mr. A.J. Brooks, the officer in charge of this department.

The inmates employed in this department are: Fred Segriff, Fernand Aube, Art Kendle, John Hartford, and Cecil Reid.

Fred Segriff is the Reception Centre's tailor and his job consists of repairing officer's uniforms turning up the cuffs and so on, on the new "street clothes" which the prisoners will wear

home, and preparing and mounting photographs of new inmates on cards which are kept on file. The latter job has very little to do with tailoring, but Fred keeps his scissor hand in shape by trimming the picture. Fernand Aube is the Centre's barber and he, of course, gives all of the newcomers a haircut. Art Kendle is the cleaner and he is continually washing and polishing the floors which brightly mirrors the effort he puts into his work. John Hartford develops the new inmate's photographs (mug shots), and also is in charge of storing the new inmate's "street" clothing. Cecil Reid is superintendent in charge of sanitation: official dispenser of light bulbs and toilet paper.

The Building

The large stone building which stands just within and to the right side of the penitentiary's front gate, and

which today houses the Reception Centre and a few other departments, was built approximately fifty-one years ago. Over these many years it has served many purposes and has seen many changes of inhabitants.

The North West Cell Block was originally built in 1913, to be used as a prison for women. Before this, the women lived in the main prison compound which also housed the men. For the benefit of those who know their way around this place, we can be more specific and say that the women used to be accommodated on the bottom tiers of G and H blocks. They shared these ranges with the administration offices and laundry area in which they worked. The women remained in the North West Cell Block until July 16, 1934, at which date they moved into their present residence across the street from this institution.

The building and the corner of the prison ground which still surrounds it were at one time completely enclosed by thick, stone walls. Two sides of the wall were from six to ten feet high and the remaining two sides were a part of the main prison wall which surrounded the penitentiary. The latter was approximately thirty feet high. We mention these walls because, surprisingly enough, all of them were eventually torn down. The smaller walls were demolished in 1934 and '35, and the high, main walls were knocked down only last fall. Unfortunately, the latter have since been replaced by ones that seem to be even higher.

In the past, the inside of the walls and all about the building were beautiful flower gardens and lush, green lawns. And although an inviting green carpet of grass still surrounds the building today, one officer was over-

heard saying that the quantity and quality of the flowers are just not what they used to be like when the women were here to look after them. Bobby Stewart and Bubby Ramsdale do their best, but they do not seem to have the women's touch.

Shortly after the women vacated the building in 1934, the warden who was here at that time, Lieutenant-Colonel W.B. Megloughlin, M.C., decided to use it for the segregation of selected prisoners who were known for their good behaviour in the prison and who had given evidence of reformation. Thirty-four inmates were immediately transferred to the building where they, in comparison to the rest of the population, lived a life of luxury.

As time went by, the building became a haven for the older men who lived within the institution and it was referred to as "The Old Man's Home".

Eventually, a dentist's office was moved into the third floor of the building and the first floor was utilized as a psychiatric ward. It was around this time, 1948, when Mr. Frank Miller, K.P.'s first classification officer, set up office on the second floor.

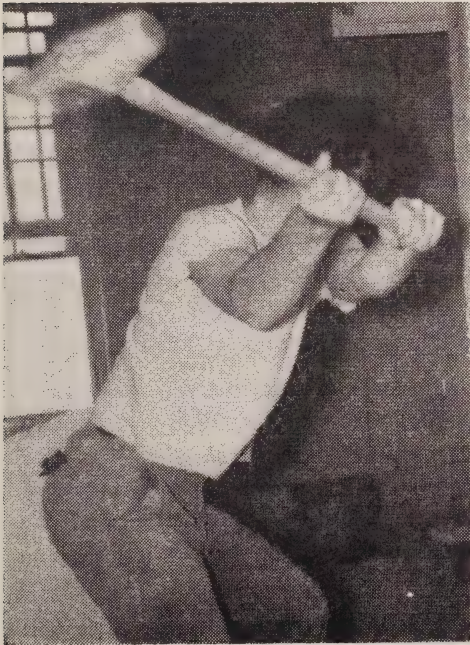
Then came the day for the next change: Dr. Scott and his patients vacated the premises and with them went the whole psychiatric hospital into another building in another area of the institution. To the East Cell Block, to be exact.

The Classification department grew rapidly and in a short time they accupied part of the second and third floors. The Dentist's office was moved to where it is now, at the North gate, and the old men were moved to the top floor of the East Cell Block where some of them still live today. Around this same time the institution's Staff Cler-

ical Pool moved to the second floor of the North West Cell Block. Nowadays the second floor is occupied by the Deputy Warden, Mr. Jarvis and two Assistant Deputy Wardens, Mr. H. Beaupre and Mr. D.C. Chinnery, along with the officers in the Staff Clerical Pool.

The main floor of the building was then turned over to the Reception and Discharge Officer, Mr. Brooks, on February 6, 1960, and this is where it remains today.

It is safe to say that there were as many changes in the interior structure of the building as there were changes of inhabitants, but, rather than make you suffer with a long description of the changes over the years, we will just describe a little of the renovation which was done in 1962, 1963, and part of 1964.



Inmate knocking out wall partitions

The old cell partitions were beaten out with a ten-pound sledge hammer on the first and second floors and modern rooms were built in their place. The walls and ceilings were plastered, tile was laid, and the whole building was painted. It was quite a change from what it used to look like. In the past, when a new prisoner arrived, he immediately thought that he had missed a turn somewhere and had accidentally stumbled into the middle ages; today he just stands around awed by the newness of it all. No wonder, some of the paint is still wet!

Processing the New Arrivals

Almost without exception, the new men are ushered into the main office of the Reception Centre by the Sheriff and his deputies who have accompanied them from one of the many County Gaols in Ontario. Here the men are stripped of all their worldly goods and changed from antisocial men into penitent prisoners of Kingston Penitentiary.

Within minutes after they enter the building, their committal papers are verified by the Record's Clerk. And, if he finds everything in order, he allots each individual a number which will be his until he is released on the expiration of his sentence. Now the prisoner begins to go through the processing procedure in earnest:

The officer, Mr. McNeil asks each man to empty his pockets, take off his ring and watch and all other personal things and place them on a table. Then he enters each item into a book, places them into a bag, and locks the bag into a safe. Such items as false teeth, glasses, personal letters, photographs, bibles, and a prisoner's transcript of evidence are returned to him as soon as he has completed the rest of the pro-

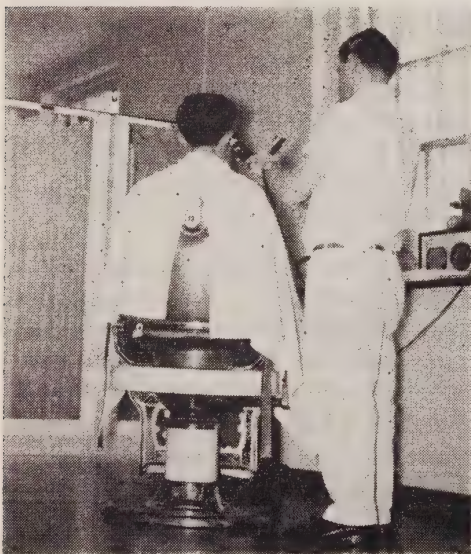
cessing procedure. Mr. McNeil also asks each man what he wishes to do with his clothing as he is given the choice of either having it stored in the prison or having it taken home by a relative after a visiting session.

When this has been done, the men are individually taken into a small room and photographed. This picture is, of course, the usual "mug shot" which everyone is familiar with.

After this phase of the operation he answers a questionnaire, such questions as date and place of birth, martial status, next of kin, etc.

Next, he is stripped, measured and weighed. And his civilian clothing is placed in a large paper bag and locked shut with an unlockable numbered lock—it must be cut off to be removed (thus preventing theft)—and taken to the storage room.

Now the man is sent to Fernand Aube, who awaits in the next room with his shears poised and sharpened, to get his hair literally *lopped off*. And within minutes the newcomer is stepping into a shower and lathering up. Incidentally,



Aube and New Arrival

the shower is less than five feet from the barber's chair and *handy* for those who like to shower and shave at the same time.

When the newcomer dries himself off, he is given his new prison clothing and within a few minutes he has completed his transition from a civilian to an inmate.

When all of the newcomers have been processed in this way, they are given a cell address somewhere within the main prison block and lined up and taken to the Dome where they are shown the location of their new home. It is indeed an experience all should miss!

The Men Who Are Released

When the prisoner's release day draws near and he has only one of two months to go before his sentence expires, the Reception Centre once more goes into action.

The inmate is brought into this department and measured and fitted with the civilian clothing which he will wear home. He is given a new suit, and top-coat, or raincoat (he has the choice) which he picks from an assortment kept on hand. When he does choose his clothes and if they need any alterations (usually the cuffs need to be turned up and so on) Fred Segriff does his duty and makes the man's clothing fit him.

At the same time the prisoner has his picture taken again. This, we suppose, is to insure the people concerned that the right man is leaving at the proper time. He also declares his destination to Mr. Brooks, or, in other words, he tells the officer where he intends to go when he is released and by what way he intends to travel: bus, train, automobile, or plane. The institution,

or rather, the government will pay his fare, providing that he travels by bus or train; but no further than the distance he originally travelled to get here from the place where he was sentenced.

On the day when the prisoner is finally allowed to leave this place, he is given his finished suit, and topcoat, and a shirt, tie, pair of shoes, socks gloves and a hat. And he is handed back his personal effects: watch, ring, etc.

If he travels by bus, the man is usually ready to walk out of the institution at 9 a.m. If he is going by train and travelling West, he is ready at 1:30 p.m.; if travelling East, he will be ready by 3:30 p.m. As you would imagine, almost everyone wants to go by bus!

Before the prisoner is actually free, he is taken to the accountant's office where he receives his remuneration and personal money. Then he is taken by a prison official to the train, or bus station, or other point of departure and the officer buys his travelling ticket for him. The ex-prisoner is put in this embarrassing position simply because the officials must be sure he has a ticket. Now, after purchasing the ticket, the officer stands around with the prisoner until the latter boards the bus, or train and watches as the ex-prisoner starts his journey home. If wishes came true, we are sure that this guard would spend a long time shovelling coal after

he went to his final reward!

In Sum

The Reception and Discharge Centre is kept fairly busy, for as their records show they process approximately 1200 newly convicted men each year, plus 950 inmates who are transferred to other institutions after they have been here only two or three weeks. They also arrange the discharge of approximately 300 men annually, due to the expiration of their sentences. We can add to this total too by mentioning the men who are constantly being received from other institutions. For example, in 1963, 179 prisoners were brought to Kingston Penitentiary from several other Federal Institutions from across Canada. Incidentally, the number of these men have increased considerably this year.

In sum, and as you have likely gathered from our description of the procedure, each prisoner entering this institution must be processed by this department and catalogued, as it were; yet he must also be treated as a fellow human being—as a man!

We can say with assurance and personal experience that the employees of this department, both officers and inmate personnel, do treat the newcomers with sufficient respect and a certain amount of sympathy. The officers give them the respect; the inmates sympathize with them.

Lions Lead 14 to 4

Lisbon, (AP):—Hungry lions in Portuguese East Africa have devoured 14 persons in recent days, press dispatches from Mozambique reported yesterday.

So far four lions have been killed by hunters, the report added.

The lions attacked people in northeastern Mozambique.

WOLF CATCHES JACK RABBIT

Jack Rabbit was caught by Wolf and a police dog in a foot chase down Casper street, in Casper, Wyoming. Rabbit, a suspected purse snatcher, was outrun by patrolman David Wolf and his police dog helper.

(Via The Presidio)

INSULTING

The police chief of Audubon Park, N.J. arrived at the station one morning to find that thieves had stolen two guns and two boxes of ammunition. They had stolen the lock off the station's front door.

PRISONER'S MEMORY WINS LENIENCY

"If you can tell me the exact number of times that you have been brought into Recorders Court on drunk charges, I'll let you go," a Detroit judge recently told a defendant.

Recorder's Court Judge Krank Schemanske made this offer to John Abraham when he appeared before the judge on a drunk charge.

Abraham without hesitation answered, "sure, 240 times."

The judge had the record checked and Abraham received a suspended sentence.

(Via The Presidio)

A MISUNDERSTANDING

A couple about to get married were looking over a house, and having satisfied themselves that it was suitable in every way decided to purchase it. During the journey home the lady was exceedingly quiet and her sweetheart somewhat perplexed asked the reason.

"My dear," she said blushing, "did you notice where the W.C. was located in the house."

The young man answered in the negative.

They decided to write to the landlord. The landlord failing to understand the term W.C. consulted the vicar who decided it must refer to the "Wesleyan Church," with the result that the following letter was sent:

Dear Sir:

I very much regret the delay in answering your letter, but I am pleased to inform you that the W.C. is seven miles from the house and is capable of seating three hundred people. This is very unfortunate for you if you are in the habit of going regularly. You will no doubt be glad to know that a number of people take their lunch with them and go by car, arriving just in time, as they are generally in too great a hurry to wait. The last time my wife and I went seven years ago, and we had to stand all the time.

I trust the enclosed information will be of some service to you though I fear you will find the distance very inconvenient.

Yours truly,
Arnold Lorandott
(Submitted by Jerry Shatford)

COWFERDAKUV!



—Jay Johnson

Public transportation in most Canadian and American cities is dull, slow and confining, but in San Francisco the cable car offers its passengers all the Old World charm of the Paris subway, plus fresh air and unsurpassed views.

Upon hearing the Conductor or Gripman issue the familiar cry, "Cowferdakuv" regular commuters merely grab a tighter grip on their holds as the car is about to make the difficult turn from Powell Street into Jackson under full power. The result of the narrow wheel base, together with the sharp turn, produces a snap and is likely to throw an unsuspecting passenger seated on the outer benches "into orbit". Hence the cry: "Look out for the curve".

Before giving this writer's impressions of this unique transportation sys-

tem, it is necessary to delve into the history of the San Francisco cable car.

The first model appeared in San Francisco in 1873. It was designed and built by a Scot named Andrew Hallidie to enable street cars to negotiate San Francisco's incredibly steep hills by means of a cable running underground at a constant speed. His design incorporated a novel grip mechanism so the operator could engage or release the cable at will. It is a tribute to his remarkable ingenuity that this system is still in operation.

Hallidie, a cable manufacturer, saw to it that in a short time there were several lines in operation, each involving many miles of cable, all of which had to be replaced at regular intervals. Over the years, these lines have been reduced to two, which some consider

quite enough. The system, now owned and operated as a public utility, runs in the "red"—not because it is inefficient, but because the cars are "accident prone" when used in a modern world of fast automobiles, hurrying crowds, and streets not designed to integrate the old with the new.

The cable runs beneath the street at a steady nine and one-half miles per hour and is suspended on an extraordinary system of pulleys which take it up and down hill until it reaches the end of the line where it is returned by a ten-foot wheel.

Power is supplied by one 700-hp electric motor in the combination car barn, workshop, and powerhouse at Mason and Washington Streets. Actually, due to the complicated route of the Powell car, there are four cables involved and each one is wound on two fourteen-foot diameter wheels. The longest cable is 21,000 feet.

The car is connected to the cable through a slot like a third rail in the center of the track and the grip projects down through this slot to make contact with the cable. The grip, the heart of the cable car, weighs 260 lb. and can be removed from the car and replaced in a matter of minutes. It is actuated by a long lever which, when pulled, retracts a yoke lined with replaceable steel dies around the cable. It grips so strongly that there is no slippage. Because of this device, a cable-car operator is always referred to as a gripman.

The operator stands up to his job. On taking his place at the controls he is confronted by three levers, with a vertical foot pedal in the floor just behind him. The three levers project from a great hole in the floor of the car, which subjects the gripman to an un-

healthy draft while the car is in motion.

On the other hand, the rugged construction of the controls is impressive. In an age when emergency brakes hide in shame under the instrument panel, it was pleasant to observe that these five-foot levers obviously had been beaten out of red-hot steel by Old World craftsmen with sledge hammers.

To set the car in motion, the hand brake is released and a strong pull on the grip lever takes up the permissible free-play of about two feet until the grip starts to take hold. The car will then slowly move forward until a stronger pull locks the grip to the cable and brings the car up to its cruising (and maximum) speed of nine and a half miles per hour. To stop the car, the grip lever is thrown forward to disengage the grip and the hand brake lever pulled on. The hand brake operates by forcing wooden blocks down directly on the rails. Soft pine is used and the shoes have to be relined every three days. An added attraction of this system is that one sometimes descends Nob Hill accompanied by a strong and delicious aroma of barbecuing.

The controls are arranged with the grip in the center, the hand brake to the right and, to the left, another lever which is painted red. This is a sort of panic button for use when everything else fails. When pulled, this lever forces a steel wedge down into the slot. This is so effective in stopping any forward motion that it usually has to be cut out with a torch.

Apart from the pine blocks, there are two other independent braking systems. The conductor, who normally is engaged in collecting fifteen cents from passengers, operates these railway-type brakes on the rear wheels when descen-

ding steep hills by means of a hand crank on the rear platform. The gripman has a pedal-operated brake which applies a similar system to the front wheels. The pedal, which is directly behind him, is so large that he can stand on it with both feet and even jump up and down, on it if things start to get out of hand.

At the same time, the cable itself can be considered as a brake because the car is always taken down hill with the grip applied; so, theoretically, all accidents take place at exactly nine and a half miles per hour. Although controlling the car on level ground is a simple two-lever operation, it becomes much more complicated while ascending or descending.

In the past, cable cars have been known to, in spite of all their safety precautions, plummet down Powell or California streets toward the bay. Completely out of control, off the track, and gathering speed, *it's everyone for themselves* and showers of people can be seen leaping to the streets as if fleeing from Armeggedon. These leaps, however, are more in the nature of "*from the frying-pan into the fire*" as statistics indicate more serious injuries occurring from indiscriminate jumping than from the heartier (or slower) passengers who "*stick with the ship?*" Incidentally, no cable car has ever completed its "*out of control*" journey to the bottom of Nob Hill—they have always managed to run into something first (pleasant thought).

Since it is impossible to restart the car on a steep grade, it is necessary to back down to the next cross street whenever an ascending car is halted by traffic, such as when a motorist tries to make a U turn across the tracks. This is done by easing off the grip and applying the wood-shod brake to allow

the car to ooze back down the hill to the accompaniment of jangling bells.

The thing that impresses one immediately about a cable car, and which differentiates it from all other road vehicles, is the manner in which it totally disregards gradients. The cable speed is nine and a half miles per hour, once the car is locked to the cable, it progresses steadily on the level, ascends gradients and descends the other side, all at nine and a half miles per hour. One gets the impression that if the cable went up the side of the Ferry Building that's where the cable car would go—at exactly nine and one half miles per hour!

Communication is by an intricate system of bells. The main bell, mounted on top of the car, is yanked by the gripman to warn of approach. Although gripmen are not necessarily selected for their musical ability, some of them obtain more combinations of one note than one might consider possible. Then there is another bell in a different register which the conductor uses to signal the gripman when to start, when to let off passengers, when the rear brakes have been applied and, generally, to advise him of any eventuality on the perilous route between Market Street and Fisherman's Wharf. Finally, as the conductor collects the fares, he is expected to ring most of them up on a sort of outdated cash register set high in the inside of the car for all to see. The result is that, although many claim the cable cars are a traffic hazard, at least you can hear them coming.

Assuming that one is staying in the downtown area and intent on absorbing something of San Francisco, a cable-car trip will kill at least two birds with one stone. The line starts at the turntable at Powell and Market, and the

car with the yellow label ends up at Fisherman's Wharf, one of San Francisco's great tourist attractions, while the brown-label car ends up at nowhere in particular, although it traverses a much more interesting route to get there.

Commencing at Market Street, a slight three-block ascent brings the car into the Union Square shopping center. From here, the car starts to climb at an ever-increasing angle, block, by block, until the summit is reached at California Street. Here, if one has taken the wrong car, it is possible to correct the error by entering the back door of the Fairmont Hotel, riding the elevator up three floors and emerging at ground level on the next block—such is the steepness of San Francisco's Hills.

Four blocks after California Street, the two lines divide and the Fisherman's Wharf car starts its long descent to the Embarcadero, while the other car starts off on a route which the cognoscenti consider to be the ultimate in urban transportation. A sharp turn from Powell Street is made onto Jackson under full power, leaving the cac-

ophony of Chinatown to the right, and the route follows a series of ascents and descents until a climax is reached at the top of the Hyde Street hill. Here there are magnificent views of the Golden Gate Bridge, the Bay Bridge, Coit Tower, and various other landmarks. After a short pause to engage all the braking systems, a descent is made down the long Hyde Street hill to the bay.

The basic design of the cable car permits the accommodation of 25 seated passengers. But, in the standing department, there is always room for one more. Unfortunately, there is a regulation forbidding ladies to stand on the outside platform, which we consider to be most unsporting because some very cozy situations could be developed there during rush hours.

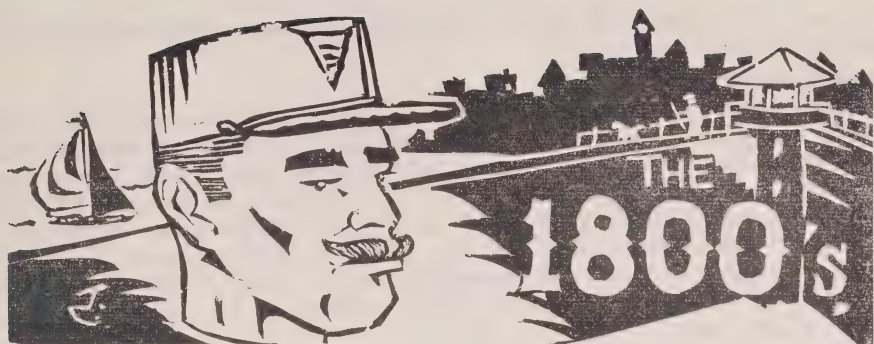
Being upholstered throughout in wood, it can be criticized from the standpoint of passenger comfort. And its maximum speed is slow by today's standards. But for sheer simplicity, durability, ease of maintenance, and ability to climb hills it is without peer, and I, for one confidently predict that it will continue to withstand the test of time.

\$1 BANK STICKUP

"This is a stickup and I'm not kidding," said a voice as the bank teller looked up into a pointed revolver. "The gun looked real enough," said Mrs. Gladys Baker, teller at the C.P. Burnett Bank in Eldorado, Illinois, who decided not to take any chances and handed over the money, a one dollar bill.

The gunman, a 9-year-old boy, outfitted in a cowboy suit, was grabbed as he left the bank with his loot by Cashier R.E. Skelton. The youngster and his toy gun were turned over to his parents by local authorities.

(Via The Presidio)



The Warden's Diary

Fred Segriff

Monday, April 5th.

In the office a good deal, attended to the dining hall, visited the new building, hospital, stables and all the shops. Nothing special to report today.

Tuesday, April 6th.

Clarkson says Cavanaugh is making tools with which to attempt an escape and that he sees him work on them in the shop. I thoroughly searched this convict's cell and all around his workbench and found absolutely nothing. This is a spite report, I am sure, and I do not trust Clarkson.

Watchman Baird complains that the free men in the shops leave their clothing lying about at quitting time. I insist that this practise be stopped. The last escapee, Rowell, took clothing like this last week, which greatly aided his escape.

Wednesday, April 7th.

The search for a missing convict, No 292 Rowell, went on bravely, but the prospect of finding him seemed small. At one o'clock, Dr. Kimball and the nightwatchman brought him in in triumph. They found him hiding under the Keeper's Stand in shop number 12, with a supply of water and some bread. He came out dirty, grimy and chagrined, like all who make foolish ventures and fail. I told Mr. Willis to call at Mr. Freedman's house and stop him from going to Charlotte, Rowell's home town. I also sent Mr. Reeves to the depot on the same errand. The latter was successful and found him just in time to stop him from making an unnecessary journey.

Thursday, April 8th.

Guard Davis reports Rowell and Cavanaugh for talking in solitary. They stood up close to the bars and talked. Neither denied it when accused and both threatened to harm him if they ever got the chance.

Watchman Baird followed my orders and threw the clothes belonging to workmen out the window of the shops. That will stop them from leaving them unlocked in the future.

Friday, April 9th.

At 1:20 a.m. I found guards Davis and Keeney sleeping soundly. I made the rounds of the gallery before waking them and was in the block fully fifteen minutes. Both appeared very sheepish when I confronted them and demonstrated

the necessity for vigilance. It appears that threats of dismissal are not accomplishing anything in this regard.

Saturday, April 10th.

There was considerable noise in the East Wing this evening, such as loud coughing, exaggerated yawning. The West Wing on the contrary, was unusually quiet. Guard Van Fleet found Number 2876 Warner, with a half smoked cigar in his hand. It was not lit, but most likely he had been smoking it. The same guard reports that Number 2399 Knoff, gave a note to the water carrier in the East Wing. I shall have to find out who the latter is from guard Howe. Both the giver and receiver of the note should have been reported. The guard did not get the note as he should have done. "Did not think of it", he says.

Sunday, April 11th.

On the first day of summer, albeit a cold and rainy one for the season, the convicts were fairly quiet. Tonight, to use an old saying, you could hear a pin drop. And for no apparent reason, all the guards were suddenly wide awake and alert. But let Inesman and Jumbo start their catcalling and the same officers will sleep soundly through it all.

Monday, April 12th.

The prison in general has been quiet and orderly. Number 1843 Nitze, has called out in distress several times. He has a heart disease and thought he was dying. At 2:30 the hospital guard thought he heard a noise on the Wing roof while he was in the chapel. He must have been mistaken. I looked at the roof from outside and nothing was visible. I then had each cell in the East Wing examined and all was in order. No convicts were missing.

Tuesday, April 13th.

Bayliss, the hostler, luckily discovered during the night that Charley, one of the lead horses, was sick. I sent for Mr. Lane immediately and he got a veterinarian. The poor beast was soon put at ease. It irked me considerably, for there was some truth in the statement when Nitze complained that we gave the horse better medical treatment than he receives.

Wednesday, April 14th.

Nightwatchman Baird reported that he found a free workman's suit covered with paint stored away in a barrel. This is unquestionably the work of a firebug, but I am at a loss to explain who the guilty party might be. None of the convicts have access to this room where the free men change their clothes for it is behind iron doors. These oily clothes are likely to cause a serious fire, spontaneous combustion, or some such term I believe is the proper name for it.

Thursday, April 15th.

Cavanaugh was in his cell sick yesterday. Clarkson says he is playing sick. I had the doctors examine the convict and was told he should be in a hospital as he appears to have measles. This news speeds through the underground like lightning and every man who finds a pimple on his face will doubtless have a scare. I trust we shall have no epidemic similar to the one of '48 when smallpox broke out here.

Friday, April 16th.

The convicts were on good behavior until one a.m. when Number 2649 Lewis, began making a racket by pounding on his cell door with a metal instrument. He denied that he did it, but the marks were as plain as day and he has done this many times before. He is a lunatic if ever I saw one and nothing is gained by putting him in solitary. He seems to like it there.

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	))))((	5	6	7	))))((	8	9	10	11
12				))))((	13			))))((	14			
15				))))((	16			))))((	17			
18				))))((	19			))))((	20			
))))((	))))((	21	22			))))((	23		24	))))((	))))((	))))((
))))((	))))((					))))((				))))((	))))((	))))((
25	26					27	))))((	28		29	30	31
32				))))((	33		34	))))((	35			
36				))))((	37	))))((	38		39			
))))((	))))((	))))((	))))((	40		41	))))((	42			))))((	))))((
))))((	))))((	))))((	))))((				))))((				))))((	))))((
43	44	45	))))((	46		47		))))((	48	49	50	
51			52					))))((	53			
54				))))((	55			))))((	56			
57				))))((	58			))))((	59			

Down

- Malayan Island
- Norse God
- Innkeeper
- Direction
- More scarce
- Part of a roof
- In the middle
- Varnish ingredient
- Throb
- Look or expression
- Totals
- Land held of no superiority
- Spread to dry
- Go into
- Household item
- Streets (abbr)
- Note of scale
- To free of
- Stirrer
- Males
- Beverage
- Annoys or vexes
- Rough File
- To seek to win
- To run away
- Tree
- Grief or woe
- Bullfight Cheers
- First man
- Girl's Name
- Writing instruments
- Affirmative vote
- Suffix denoting origin

Across

- Chores
- Ocean
- Tibetan priest
- Bustle — fuss (pl)
- Old card game
- Sharp to the taste
- Climbing plant
- Declared openly
- Blackbird
- Tendency or bend
- Abstract being
- Money paid for service
- Cleft or pass
- Malicious false report
- South American animal
- Skill in managing
- Lacerate
- Grew old
- Swerve
- Appoint or intend
- Scottish explorer
- Animal fat
- Salad plant
- Writing tablet
- Swiss mountain
- Animal with many feet
- Western Indian
- Wings
- Being equal
- Ripped
- Soap frame
- Printers measures
- Measure of time (pl)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 50



The Rhythm Room

Reno Taylor

Music in K.P. has been pretty quiet for the last few months. Our last intimate gig was in December of last year and most of the gang from that set have split leaving us a little hung up for talent. Many of the fellows who made the scene have corralled me at one time or another and asked me when we were going to give out with more. Well boys, it's still, like later! For those who dig our sounds, we are trying to get the green light for field Day. We have a few good singers roaming around and if we get our very able trumpet and sax player Don Antone back to the ranch, we should be able to come up with a six or seven piece group. This is still in the hands of the "powers that be", and only time alone will tell.

I was in the radio room today checking our supply of recordings. Our gifted Flamenco guitar player, was hooking up a new amplifier for the radio line. What a swinger this one is! .60

watts continuous; distortion 0.5 percent at 50 watts; 3. micro-seconds rise time; and no overshoot at any frequency. So don't smash your ear phones yet, the big sounds are on the way.

Upon looking over our record collection, I find that most of the good discs have been played so many times that there's nothing left. Frank, the radio operator, tries to get a good hour of recordings every night, but can only do so much with what he has.

Although the general population here at K.P. may have missed our happy sounds, here in A Dorm... Well you can judge for yourselves. 5:00—7:00 p.m. is individual practice and you are on your own. From the piano, you may hear a waltz or a swinging jazz number. Two Flamenco guitars pick up the beat and amid arpeggios, you can hear the "Monk" cranking up his "B" flat tenor sax. My little knobby headed, ridge running, yankee friend cuts loose with his "E" flat alto sax, and then, we have to contend with our once a

week musician, (Mr. Music) Benny Bensette.

One week, he is going to be a guitar player—till we all flee in self defence and he gets the message. Last week, he was going to be a drummer, but someone hid the sticks. He laid a set of bongos on me yesterday to repair. Needless to say, they'll never see the light of day again. Sorry Ben.....

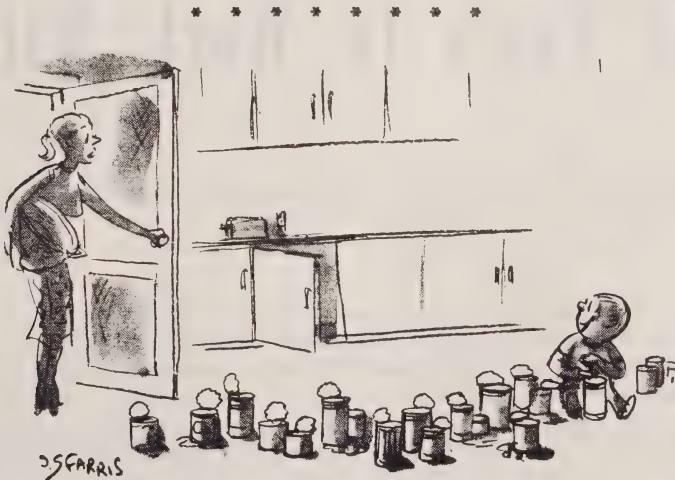
We are still trying to puzzle out what John Lalonde is going to do with



the clarinet he got last week. John?

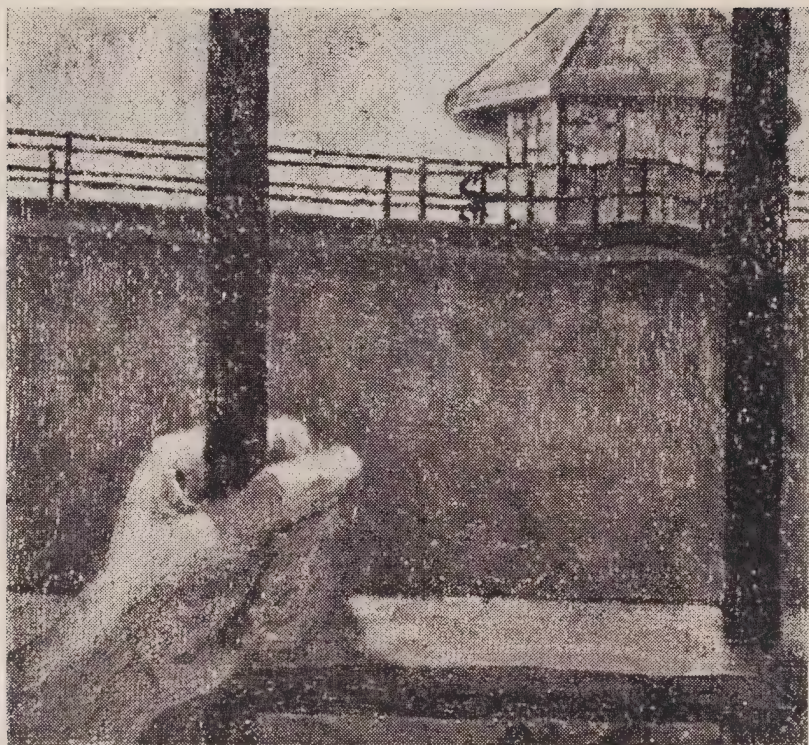
You have to laugh at some of the acts these guys book, but you have to give them credit, they try their hearts out and laugh at their own mistakes. It's all part of the mad, mad world of the rhythm room.

Well swingers, this is R.T. saying keep cool and we'll dig you next month.



THIS IS LOVE

They were talking about their latest heart-throbs.
 "Yes," said the one to her friend, "he is so deceitful...
 pretending to believe me when he knows I'm lying..."



The Tools to Work With

T.T. Glover

What is the government going to do with criminals? They have to punish people who violate the law so that the punishment may serve as a crime deterrent, but what happens to the criminal after he or she has been punished for their crimes?

What are they going to do with our prisons? Are they going to maintain them as crime factories which manufacture criminals, or are they going to develop them in such a manner that they turn law violators into decent and useful citizens?

More depends on the answers to these questions than the people of society realize.

After a law violator has been confined and released, what he does after his release depends to a large extent on what society has done for him while he was in jail.

If society wants to use punishment as a means of *getting even* with the criminal, the criminal is more than likely to want to get even with society upon his release.

The basic responsibility of the government and society, is to see that the violator committed to their care is safely detained for a period of time prescribed by the courts. But in my personal opinion, a much more serious responsibility is to help the prisoner to do something for himself during this period of confinement which will enable him to become a law-abiding citizen upon his release.

I do not think that any institution can claim to have rehabilitated anyone. The best they can do is to provide the necessary tools, encouragement, and, of course, guidance for the prisoner to help himself. The extent to which the prisoner avails himself to the opportunities offered is strictly a personal matter. Each man or woman writes his or her own ticket to freedom. The only thing they have to do is to have the foresight to see the terrible future that lies ahead if they do not avail themselves of the opportunities offered.

By "necessary tools" I mean, for instance, that the institution tries to teach the fundamentals: personal grooming, clean speech, the importance of keeping their quarters and work areas clean, the satisfaction to be derived of an honest days labour, etc.

Next comes the vocational and academic training, religious instruction individual or group counseling, special activities such as Alcoholics Anonymous, Dale Carnegie Courses etc.

A prisoner can if he wishes, and is given the opportunity, leave the confines of the prison much better equipped to assume the role of a respected citizen.

The one role society has to play, is to remember that prisoners are human beings. You cannot simply isolate them from society and then expect them to pick up their lives where they left off after serving years behind walls and away from the "outside world". A human being cannot be turned on and off like an electric light.

It should be remembered, however, that the big bulk of prison inmates really want to go straight upon their release. And, strangely enough, very few of them know what actually brought about the mental attitude which caused them to be law violators in the first place.

The average inmate does not want to remain a criminal any more than the drinker wants to become an alcoholic.

It is time society recognizes this fact and also remember "trying to help inmates to help themselves and giving them the tools with which to work, is not a matter of coddling criminals" it is a matter of protecting themselves.

WORK IS THE CURE

Thomas Carlyle once wrote, "Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind." Neuroses are, in a sense, childish things, and some persons are fortunate enough to find challenges so serious and adult that they are able to put away childish things. Many years ago, a young mid-western lawyer suffered such depressions that his friends thought it wise to keep knives and razors out of his reach. He wrote; "I am now the most miserable man living. Whether I shall ever be better, I cannot tell; I awfully—forebode I shall not."

He was wrong. The challenges that life offered him brought him a health and a strength that saved him and his country from dissolution. His name was ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....

from · READER'S DIGEST

KICKING THE HABIT!

S.S. Heath



One summer evening about a year ago, I was sitting in front of the "idiot box" sopping up some culture, when a citizen wearing a "Ben Casey" smock made a rather startling announcement. "There was", he said, "a definite link between smoking and lung cancer." I looked doubtfully at the cigarette that burned innocently between my right thumb and forefinger. I admired the yellow almost brown nicotine stain that covered the skin half way up to my elbow. It had taken nearly ten years to acquire my two-pack-a-day habit and I would be damned if I was going to let a few obviously mistaken doctors sever such a close and necessary relationship! But the guy on T.V. kept on and on, piling the damning evidence against the defendant until Perry Mason himself couldn't have got the culprit off the hook.

I wondered if the government would outlaw tobacco. I had visions of people smuggling the odious weed from city to city across the country and the tremendous amount of money that would be lost in cigarette taxes if they did. And also the vast amounts that would be spent in arresting, prosecuting and convicting peddlers and addicts who would not, or could not, give up the habit.

Lost in my daydreams, I visualized myself going through the agony of

"cold turkey". Suddenly the pleasure and gratification that I usually received from my favourite brand just was not there anymore. I flipped the smoldering butt against the wall where it exploded in a shower of sparks and decided then and there to quit. It was highly probable that smoking was harmful. The overwhelming evidence was enough to convince me that in quitting I was possibly extending my existence by twenty years.

One hour later, I began to perspire and my hands began to shake slightly. I experienced a definite craving for the oral stimulation that nothing can satisfy like a smoke. After two and a half hours of bravely standing by my resolution and doing all in my power to keep from doing it, I lit a cigarette. And even as I sucked the sweet smoke into my lungs, I deplored my weakness. I was like the alcoholic, who admits that the juice has got him licked. Unlike these unfortunates however, the abstainers from nicotine have no brotherhood and the most he can hope for from his friends is a puff of his poison blown maliciously into his face.

I decided to taper off gradually. The way I figured it I would begin the next morning and limit myself to twenty smokes the first day and, on each suc-

ceeding day, lower the quota by two. Why, in no time at all, I told myself, I will have painlessly passed from addict to cured. I visualized a nicotine-free system and two pink and healthy lungs expanding and contracting effortlessly. It was only a matter of fixing by my schedule.

For the first few days, it worked like a charm. But when I got down to ten cigarettes, I knew that I would never be able to live through a day with anything less. I therefore decided to condition my system to accepting only ten a day and proceed from there. So, for the next few weeks, I allowed myself two smokes before lunch, four before dinner, and four every evening. Once or twice however, I cheated; always promising to allow for the pilfered one the next day. Due to some protective factor in my mental faculties, however, I invariably forgot.

Another week of scrupulously keeping my schedule and I decided that the time had come to taper again. Two days later, I backslid by going over my limit by four. I was contemplating suicide when an old pal dropped in. On learning that I was trying to "kick the habit", he informed me that he had quite three months before. "How in the heck did you do it?" I asked incredulously.

"Cold turkey" he said, "It's the only way".

He advised me to smoke as usual for the rest of the day and begin first thing in the morning. "O.K.," I said, wishing the A.M.A. would refute its lousy propaganda, or that there was some other way, "I'll try it."

By ten o'clock the next morning, I had paid off most of the bets I'd foolishly made the night before in the vain hope that my natural greed would assist me in my battle. I puffed away contentedly on my third cigarette.

Two months dragged by and I was back up to a pack a day. When my

non-smoking pals saw me light up, they needled me unmercifully. "No will power, eh pal?" they said. I'd laugh a bit sheepishly and shake my head. To hell with them. I began avoiding non-smokers like the plague.

One day as I was eating my lunch, I became aware of a definite and persistent twinge in my chest. "Oh my God," I said, "I've got it!" I went and lay on my bed to think it over. It was after all, rather tragic! Cut down in my youth and all because of a stinking habit that I was too weak to break. I had kind of looked forward to a few good years too. Drying my eyes on my shirtsleeve, I got up and went to see the doctor.

"Well, well, well", he said cheerfully, "What seems to be the problem?" He placed a still burning cigarette in a nearly full ash tray and I fought a crazy urge to grind out the lousy butt on his immaculate desk.

"It's my chest doc, and I think it's serious."

He listened to me breath via the stethoscope and thumped me on the back a couple of times. "Hmmm" he said. Finally he signaled for me to put my shirt back on and, taking a final drag on his smoke, dropped it still burning into the ash tray. I swallowed a couple of times to keep from being sick!

"Indigestion," he said mildly, "lay off the fried food."

I walked out of that office feeling like a man reprieved at the door of the gas chamber. I pulled my cigarettes out of my pocket and stood there looking at them.

"Got a smoke buddy?" asked a bystander.

"Take the deck!" I said happily and, pushing them into his hand, I ran all the way over to the office and wrote this story.

Incidentally, that was three months ago and I haven't smoked since!!!!



MY LOVE

My love is like the red, red rose,
That's blooming in the spring,
It dies again in winter,
When birds no longer sing.

My love again is like the trees,
So cold and bare and lost,
It blossoms forth in glory,
When springtime melts the frost.

But now my love will last forever,
Through wind and heat and snow,
For I have found the one true love,
That sets my heart aglow.

Ronnie Druce

WHAT'S WRONG — WHAT'S RIGHT

Time goes onward and man grows old
But none will ever live to behold
Those things we know are truths to-night
Or answer in truth, what's wrong what's right

There is no rule, no law, no line
Nor can the brain of man define
The truth, the lie, the ill, the good
Depend on conscience, war and blood

On pleasures whim and circumstance
Erratically spins the wheel of chance
Thus fates decree will rule mankind
While truth, elusive is hard to find.

ptsh.

THE PA

MEMORIE

Friends of my boy
How far we've strayed
When we were young
Along life's road

We laughed amid
And sang those hours
We did not know
To fear and death

We played our games
How sweet that time
And bravely challenged
And loved each other

When April rains
And kissed the frost
We careless played
In childish pleasures

And as we grew
Of war and hate
And in our summer
Decay beneath the

We saw our dreams
Some struggled vainly
Those youthful pleasures
Before the chill of



POET'S GE

SPRING

and my youth,
since carefree days,
re that truth,
ten strays.

erdant fields,
carefree strains,
passion yields,
mental pains.

games aware,
smelled in spring,
every dare,
efenceless thing.

soft and warm,
f mother earth,
ut the farm,
y and mirth.

w the hands,
leak despair,
dant lands,
of care.

le into mist,
to retain,
s that we missed,
mn's rain.

—Des. Lawrence.



A THOUGHT IN RHYME

He can halt the march of time,
Or cause the winds to cease,
He can plant the seeds of war,
Or seal the bonds of peace.
He can make a man as great,
As men have ever seen,
He can also make a man,
As if he'd never been.
He can take a sickly thing,
And mend it great and strong,
He can change an evil thing,
And make it stray from wrong.
He could take the creatures of
The land and air and sea,
And give them all the joys of life,
He gave to you and me.
He is the one that made the earth,
And sculptured man from sod,
And then he gave creation voice,
So they might praise their God.

Harry Wilson.

WHITE LILACS, WHISPERING WILLOWS

In vagrant carelessness, the storm has torn
The look of all familiar rock and tree
Away. Through mist, a quiet scene is borne
Again, on freighted wings of memory:
The lilacs, white and prim, have bloomed above
A sagging gate, as if but yesterday,
While rain beats ceaselessly and I, my love,
With empty eyes, must watch you walk away.
"But not goodbye!" you said, and echoing,
"No not goodbye." I called, although my heart
Heard April's clarion begin to ring
A note of winter's truth. And walled apart,
With glistening willows whispering your lie,
Was left a moment for a soul to die.

Mary Margaret Thomason

FORMULA FOR DESPAIR!

Donald Foster

If a poll was undertaken to discover what constituted man's definition of loneliness, no doubt, a multitude of explanations would be harvested. These would be determined largely by two main factors; the personalities of each individual polled and their respective surroundings.

But there is one segment of the human race whose explanations would likely all coincide, if they ponder their answers at any length. The inhabitants housed behind the walls of our prison systems.

Loneliness has yet to be known unless one has experienced a series of nights interned in a five by nine foot cell. Your next door neighbors are only inches away in proximity, so it can not be the loneliness of complete physical segregation. Rather it is the loneliness of the spirit. The variety that sears in its very intensity; that produces tears in the eyes of many a strong-willed man.

To lay and watch the shadows of the bars etched on the wall; the silence broken only by the sporadic night sounds filtering from the bowels of the bee-hive complex of cells; this is loneliness.

Many past experiences, old parties, love affairs and etc., are exhumed and dissected to gain the merest morsal of food for the emotionally starved soul. No matter how minute or remote in memory, each one is pawed, mauled

and finally devoured, to stave off the emotional famine for ever lessening periods of time. It evolves into the old proverbial adage of supply and demand: as the demand increases, so in direct proportions does the supply diminish. Until an impass is reached: where each past episode has been dredged up so many times, it becomes murky and finally fades into the vast void of the past. An appropriate analogy would be the effect achieved when one looks in the wrong end of a telescope. The more the telescope is extended the smaller and more indistinct the view appears.

Time is accounted for by the night keeper's rounds every forty minutes. When the sun's garish glow banishes the shadows, its very appearance takes on the nature of an obscene act. Its warmth insinuating that there exists a life of contentment else-where, appears as a direct affront to one's lack-luster existence. One's very being takes on the hue of an exercise in cynicism. Until finally despair reigns supreme and one becomes one of the walking zombies who are indigenous to any institution. Like an inanimate object, a run-down mechanical toy performing the days functions at quarter speed.

Shortly after one's incarceration this sequence of events transpires in each man's mind. There are various interpretations of the theme, but generally they remain static; perhaps a more appropriate term would be dogmatic.

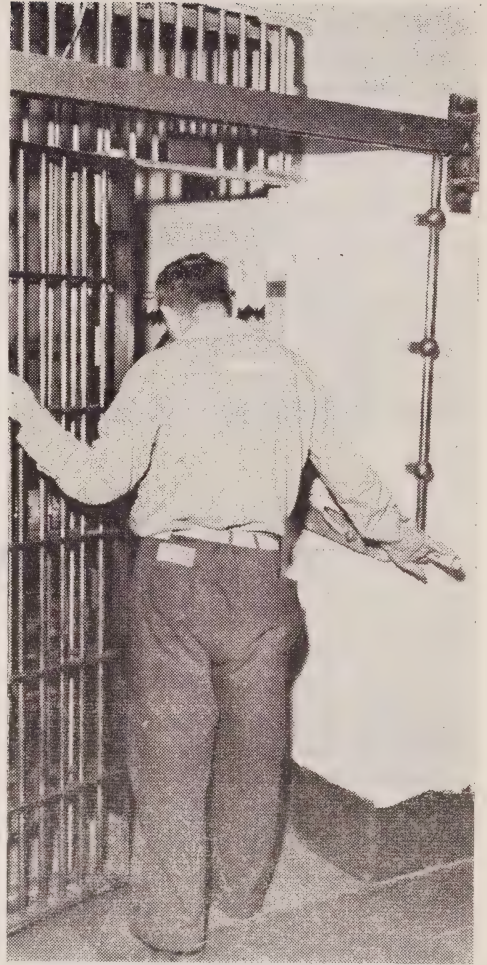
Of course, there are the refugees from society who seek the sanctuary of a regimentated life found behind the walls. But even they, if they possess normal intelligence, experience the same emotions, until they become indoctrinated.

How then after this regression of emotions can society expect an individual recently released from prison to integrate himself into their way of life. Locking a man up and leaving him to vegetate, with perhaps medication his only crutch, solves nothing. The habits formed while serving a long term are difficult to eradicate. Table manners, speech and work habits deteriorate.

What is needed is to attempt to analyse what led him to his fate. Not so much his prison cell, but more his private niche in hell. For man is unique in some respects and can acclimatize himself to the vilest of surroundings, while he is unable to function in a void created by his own despair.

Each man's despair has been fostered by a host of mitigating circumstances. Some are almost heart rendering in their tragic sorrow; some are almost humorous in their blind stupidity, while others are revolting in their very callousness to their fellow men. When all these are combined and thrown into the caldron of human emotions carried in each of us, it sets off a chain reaction that exiles one to the inevitable niche.

Moral degeneration needs psychiatric help and guidance, not locks and bars that nurture loneliness and despair. HOPE has to be injected back into the inmate. More paroles, or at least the inspiration to earn a parole, combined with an extensive jobs re-



training program would enable a man to regenerate his self-respect and learn to hope once more.

Hope is desperately needed. For hope with its by-products of self-respect is like a magic elixir that banishes the plague of despair. One would not be suddenly free physically, because they had cast off their bounds of despair, but peace of mind and self-respect would have been achieved. And how many on this vast universe can lay claim to that statement?

With the mind free it unshackles ninety per cent of the whole man, for what is the body, but a vessel mainly composed of water to transport the mind.

If this sounds like a plea for pampering and coddling inmates, then view it from an economic plane. It costs in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred dollars per year to house one inmate. If ten men can be integrated back into society, the saving

for the tax payer is twenty-five thousand dollars per year, which compounds itself every time the recidivism rate drops.

Society must be protected. But when a country's prison population equals five per cent of the total inhabitants, and is on the increase, something must be done, or soon it will require one half of the nation just to keep the other half locked up!

★ INVADED! ★

—R. Glover.

I saw another of those creatures from outer space today! That makes four this week! Actually, they might be Martians, or Venusians, or even Saturnites for that matter. All I know is that they are here and that they are different. They may look and dress like us; they may talk like us and even copy our little mannerisms, but they do not act like us at all.

The last one I saw for example, was dressed like an inmate just like most of us here. There was three of us eating our lunch together in the kitchen, and I got wise to him when he got up from the table and brought my friend and myself another cup of coffee. As for my pal, he almost fell off his chair when he saw what had happened.

The next day, I saw another; a little old man down at the hospital. I had been standing for about three quarters of an hour at the pill department waving vainly at the guys handing out the pills. Finally, a finger pointed over my shoulder and asked this old fellow what it was he wanted. To my complete astonishment, he told the orderly that I had been there before him and that he was in no hurry!

I believe that another outer spaceman is masquerading as our kitchen cleaner. Every time he comes near the kitchen barber shop, he gets out the mop and begins cleaning the floor. The other day, after finishing up on a head of hair, I heard a light tapping at the door. In came the cleaner and without a word of complaint, he went to work with broom, dustpan and mop. See what I mean? They look like us, speak like us, and to a certain degree, they even act like us, but only to a degree. I have no idea when or how they plan to take things over, but won't it be wonderful when they do?

Science

The Strongest Breath Of All

The Story Of The *Wind*

Skip Irving

One Hundred Million Dollars damage from an act of God! Is this possible? Yes, it definitely is. During a three day period, June 7-9, 1953, Michigan, Ohio and the New England States were ravished by no less than twelve tornadoes spreading destruction, sorrow and death to countless thousands of people. On September 8, 1900, six thousand people were killed in and around Galveston, Texas, where the damage was only twenty million dollars. Closer to home, Sarnia, Ontario, was ravished by a tornado in 1953 and lost most of its business section in the down-town area. Five people were killed as a result of the storm.

Every year, tropical storms and cyclones play havoc with the world leaving chaos and death in their wake. The cause of these catastrophies is one thing and one thing only—wind.

How many of us remember what wind really is? I appreciate that we have learned about this topic in early high school, but I also believe that most of us have forgotten where the wind comes from and just what causes it.

Wind is just an oversized draft, one that has grown up so to speak. Both are streams of air. Air, as well as other gases, flows from points of higher to those of lower pressure much the same as liquids. When adjacent regions of the earth's surface receive different amounts of heat, the air over the cooler has a greater pressure than that over the warmer. As a result, the heavier air flows from the place of lower temperature (and higher pressure) to that of higher temperature (and lower pressure). A reverse current is formed high above the earth's surface and a wind is born.

Land gains and loses heat much more quickly than does water. During a summer day, the land becomes hot quickly, but a large lake or sea is not affected so soon. The air over the water is relatively cool and heavy; over the land, hotter and lighter. Hence, the wind will blow from sea to land. At night, the land cools quickly, but the water retains its gradually acquired heat for a longer period of time. Consequently, the areas of high and low

pressure are reversed and the wind blows from land to sea. (Remember the evening swim parties—such nice warm water, but oh! the cold mean air).

Let's take a closer look at some of the effects of wind on our lives, good and bad.

Circulation of air prevents excessive accumulation of smoke and other injurious products over large cities. It is conducive to robust living as shown by the fact that people inhabiting regions where moderate winds are prevalent are more energetic and lead more enjoyable lives than those inhabiting places of calm.

The wind is instrumental in causing rainfall. When it blows over a large body of water it acquires a considerable amount of moisture; when this air is cooled sufficiently, rain is produced. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the importance of rainfall—all of us know that it is the staff of life of man, animals and vegetation.

In the pre-steam age, travel was entirely dependent upon the wind. Ships were propelled either by wind or the exertion of manpower. I think that I should find it tedious paddling to Spain for a visit—I would probably erect a sail.

For centuries, a small portion of the highly expendable energy of the wind has been used by man to do useful work on land also. The windmill has been used by man to pump water and operate milling machinery. The potency of moving air has been "captured" like that of running water. One of the chief advantages of this was that at the end of the month there was no "air bill" due.

Many areas of land owe their fer-

tility to soil transported by our friend Mr. Wind, from other regions. Had this soil not been air-mailed to them, these regions would still be barren and crops would probably not grow so well. This type of soil will be found in such places as Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska in the U.S.A.; the fertile valleys of the Rhine, Rhone, and Danube in Europe, and in Northern China.

The wind gives our earth a perpetual face-lifting when it teams up with the sand to sculpture exposed rock formations. The result of their work can be seen on any picture, post-card rack in the world.

The scattering of pollen of certain fruits and other vegetation is another of the wind's many jobs. Naturally, with hayfever, ragweed and dandelions, it wouldn't be quite fair to say that this is entirely one of its assests, but we have to take a certain measure of bad with our good.

What would song-writers, poets, romanticists and novelists do without the wind? Many stories would be impossible to write, others would be dull and uninteresting. Many plots depend entirely upon the wind. The best example of this is Joseph Conrad's "Typhoon". Also, without the cyclone, Dorothy would have had a hard time getting to the land of Oz.

It is quite probable that the only time people hear of the wind is after a severe storm when damage is heavy and people have been killed or injured. Let's look at this side of the wind, that side of it which is feared and respected by all who come within its path of destruction.

Tropical storms are probably the most damaging of all high winds. They are cyclone disturbances of the atmos-

phere occurring in the low latitudes. In the Western Atlantic they are called Hurricanes, in the Western Pacific, Typhoons. It is the fury of the weather associated with Tropical Storms that distinguishes them from the many minor weather disturbances that more commonly produce periods of greater than normal rainfall in the tropics. They are fifty to five hundred miles in diameter and sustained winds of 100 to 150 miles per hour are common near the center.

This forces me to meditate upon the names given these storms by the people of the world. Hurricane Wanda, Hurricane Hazel, Typhoon Myrna, Typhoon Tillie—the significant point of all these names is that they are *all feminine*. This leaves me in a quandary as to how the analogy is drawn, is it the storm's violent rumbling attributed to the women, or the little woman's raging and unpredictable temper to the storm? I'll leave the solution of that one to you. My life insurance is not in force. One of the fellow's asked me not to mention his girl's name in this paragraph so I won't. I don't think there ever was a Hurricane Virginia anyway.

Coincident with rise of wind speed from the edges of the storm inward, the atmosphere pressure drops. The lowest official pressure on record was registered at Key West, Florida in 1935, a reading of 26.35 inches of mercury. This low pressure existed in a storm of small diameter which indicates that the intensity of a tropical storm does not depend on its areal extent. Now I think I know why female names are used.

All tropical storms develop over the water in the area of the doldrums. They frequent the tropical oceans between the latitudes of 5° and 30° of each

hemisphere. Their characteristics are not entirely uniform, but depend on the age, size and latitude of the storm. The storm is called a hurricane or typhoon only when the surface winds exceed 75 miles per hour.

Tropical Storms always lose intensity when striking land; even passing over small tropical islands can result in great reductions of their strength. The loss of life and property on tropical islands and coastal areas of continents is caused by direct and indirect effects of the high winds and excessive rains. On many occasions the high winds cause a "storm wave" by their action on the water. It appears so quickly and is carried with such tremendous force so far inland that often there is no time for the coastal inhabitants to rescue themselves or their belongings.

Storms that have matured, drift westwards with the prevailing trade winds and become absorbed into the prevailing westerlies of the high latitude regions. They eventually end up as little gusts of wind which are too *pooped to puff*.

The wind is indirectly responsible for the following news item which appeared in a recent issue of one of our larger dailies: A gentlemen was filling out a questionnaire for his insurance company after his car was forced out of control during a violent wind storm. He wound up in a pasture after striking a cow. One of the questions asked was, "What did the other party say after the accident?"

His answer was, "Moo Moo."

In closing, I must admit that although I have spoken my piece about the weather, I agree with Mark Twain—I can't do anything about it.

Guest Article



UNDERDOG



July marks the second anniversary of a remarkable Ontario-chartered organization which in a scant two years has set up outposts in no fewer than 14 countries.

Its name is UNDERDOG and its purpose is clearly defined—"To help mistreated people without charge."

UNDERDOG got its start after a Toronto newspaper reported, David Cowlshaw, now 27, took an interest in the "I'm innocent" plea of a man in an Ontario prison and launched an appeal for him.

"The appeal was successful and the man went free," Cowlshaw says today. "This bothered me a bit so I set out to discover whether there were other underdogs like him."

To do this he picked the name "underdog" from a newspaper headline and ran an ad. in a newspaper Personal column. The resultant flood of mail caused him to quit his job and devote full time to going to bat for, as he puts it, "those people who are mistreated in any way and can't get help."

That was two years ago. Today UNDERDOG has workers — called

'Associates'—in all Canada's provinces, in 32 of the United States, the West Indies, Britain, Australia, the Philippines, South Africa, France, Norway, Germany, Spain, Hong Kong and, most recently, Ghana. "We once had a man, a poet, in Moscow working for us," father-of-six Cowlshaw says, "but he suddenly quit communicating with us. We always wonder who got to him."

UNDERDOG works this way: someone claiming mistreatment writes to the organization at Box 123, Terminal A, Toronto, and becomes a member of the group. If the mistreatment claim originates in, say, Winnipeg, UNDERDOG's Toronto clearing-centre despatches the details to one of its 42 Winnipeg associates, along with a few details on how to go about correcting it.

The associate immediately tackles the case and, aided by his or her own resourcefulness plus occasional advice and legal backing from UNDERDOG headquarters, brings about a correction. The case is closed.

There is no charge to the client—"Justice is a man's birthright," Cowlshaw points out. Further, the associate has paid all his or her own expenses.

In this way, UNDERDOG every month processes more than 1,000 mistreatment claims every month and has become so successful that Erle Stanley Gardner, founder of the now-disbanded Court of Last Resort (he is also Perry Mason's creator) now sends to the Canadian organization some cases he is no longer equipped to take on.

UNDERDOG, which tackles mistreatment of any kind, finds that only 38 per cent of all the claims that come to it are found to be valid.

"Lots of people have chronic persecution complexes," Cowlshaw notes.

The organization recently went to bat for an American in a Mexican death cell (Cowlshaw actually staged a demonstration in the man's narrow cell in Monterrey, Mexico, before being booted out five hours later by grim-faced armed guards) and a U.S.—and Canada—wide wire service story was a result.

UNDERDOG has also found prominent airing in such magazines and newspapers as *Kiwanis Magazine*, *MacLean's*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Liberty*, etc. and Cowlshaw himself appeared on TV programs such as *Front Page Challenge*, *To Tell The Truth*, etc.

In July last year he appeared for 12 minutes on NBC's *TODAY* show in New York. Result: 2,300 of the show's 4,500,000 viewers asked for help on mistreatment problems.

"But we also gathered a lot more associates from the show," Cowlshaw says, "and this to me is always the heartening thing—that so many ordinary people will come forward to help, in their own time and at their own expense. There are a lot of decent people around."

There are also a lot of underdogs around, as these brief glimpses a recent UNDERDOG monthly progress report show:

"In Salvador, *Brazil*, we forced a landlord-farmer to yield 180 plots of land he'd 'appropriated' from unwary peasants.

In Kofu City, *Japan*, we turned the tables on a slick toy manufacturer rich on patents stolen from a lowly com-

petitor and then helped police get him to prison.

In Sherman, *Texas*, we rang down the curtain on a bandleader who refused to hire musicians until they'd given money to a "charity" which we found to be his wife's bank account. His take over 15 years: \$140,000.

In Katowice, *Poland*, we reunited a couple with a crippled son seized eight years before by a wealthy store owner for non-payment of a \$320. debt!

In Toronto, *Canada*, we secured the release of another sane mental patient—our eighth such victory with mental cases in 18 months.

A recent UNDERDOG article in a Walpole, Massachusetts, prison newspaper, *The Mentor*, spawned 11 claims of innocence from prison inmates. The organization is still working on the three it adjudged genuine.

UNDERDOG is chartered by the province of Ontario and lists two lawyers among its directors. Another 19 lawyers work for it without fee in Canada, a somewhat larger number in the U.S. But only 20 per cent of its cases involve legal difficulties. Its largest category is that of personal skullduggery, people being swindled by manufacturers, relatives, and so on. Ottawa has declared donations to UNDERDOG deductible from income tax.

"One day we will list an associate in every street in the World," English-born Cowlshaw says. "For too long the little man has been trodden on. Now he has the muscle and the know-how, through UNDERDOG, to fight back. There is no stopping this organization now."

A Report on the American Automobile



—Alan Baker

Some time ago, someone, I won't argue who, invented the automobile.

The first of the new breed was little more than an orangecrate on wheels in which a primitive internal combustion engine popped and wheezed mightily on *all* of two cylinders. It had no roof or windows and the seats were upholstered in hardwood: the first horseless carriage was undeniably a masculine machine.

As the years rolled by, the auto came of age and when the Great War ended in 1918, it had reached strapping adolescence. Gradually science had improved the internal combustion engine and it didn't pop and wheeze quite so much as it had in its formative years. The number of its cylinders had increased from two to four, to six, to eight, and it had considerably increased its gasoline drinking habits too.

Everything in those days was functional, and very little else. Cars were still of the man's world, and they were divided into appropriately named family groups such as sedans and touring cars—the former being closed and the latter open. Which is very understandable—no?

Up through the roaring twenties and into the depressing thirties the automobile industry flexed its collective muscles, and produced some "oddball" sons.

Names such as Model "T" didn't sound too impressive, so the various manufactures dug out their dictionaries and selected exotic and sometimes ridiculous names for the new cars. Guttural voiced Duesenburgs briefly roared down the highways of the American scene, and quickly disappeared into oblivion, still surging on all sixteen cyl-

inders. Cadillac followed hot on the heels of the rugged German, but through some mysterious quirk of fate, it managed to survive.

However, others were not so lucky, and numerous makes of automobiles ended up in "The Great Scrap Heap in the Sky" along with the Duesenburg. Among them were the Pierce-Arrow, Stutz Bearcat, La Salle and the Hupmobile. And if that last one isn't a ridiculous name, then square wheels should be the vogue.

Fortunately, for the public bank account, World War II came along and zephyr-like (not Lincoln) the twelve and sixteen cylinder gas gulping behemoths vanished from the World of Detroit.

Their muscle and stamina underwent a metamorphosis and emerged in the new shapes of jeeps and army trucks.

Regrettably, hostilities ceased before an espionage agent, enemy or other-wise, was able to sabotage Detroit's carefully guarded plans for the post war sexual transition of the domestic automobile.

For several years after V.J. Day, things seemed fairly proper at Bord, Generate Motors, and Chryseis Corporations, but slowly and surely decadence and degeneracy were seeping in.

The beginning of the transition came in 1949. At that time, some overbearing, nagging, big boss's wife decided she would like a car which looked like a convertible, but wasn't. The spineless big boss relented and we ended up with the hardtop.

Like a woman's hat it soon became "The Thing" to change the automobile's roofline each year, and to paint it in colours which contrasted horribly with the rest of the car.

In 1958 Bord Motor Company's conception of a hardtop got a little out of hand. Perhaps, to stimulate the sales

of spare parts, or because they were in the employ of the U.S.S.R., Bord's designers decided to almost entirely obliterate the drivers field of vision with an oversized "piece of head-wear". The Blunderbird roofline was the result, and so was the increased accident rate among Bord product drivers.

In the same shocking blow, that year's model of the "B"—Bird was savagely redesigned, and stripped of every vestige of its masculine identity. From the sleek little sportsman's car, it was transformed into a spoiled debutant's plaything with boudoir interior appointments.

Generate Motors countered Bord's "Let's blind 'em and kill 'em" policy with a splurge of so-called public interest. The Corporation ran a contest amongst its employees to see who could put the most glass and least steel between the body and roof of a hardtop. Thus, glass houses on wheels became G.M.'s '59-'60 offering.

But, alas, so many passengers were dying of sunstroke and dehydration that the staff decided their "girls" would have to cover up for the following year. They returned to normal, but normality was becoming almost obscene.

1959 was also the year in which the "Tail-Fin-mania" reached its climax. Fins, as we all know, are useless, but the auto-makers and most notably Chryseis Corporation, were obsessed with a maternal fixation for them. The desire to express this fixation became so strong that fins eventually occupied more space on the family sedan than did the engine and passenger compartments.

Auto's were now objects of erotic stimulation instead of being merely a convenient way to travel. Car owners carved hearts on their garage doors with little rhymes like this etched in them:—

"I married my wife for better or worse,

But you, my darling rag-top, will always come first."

Things were getting bad, very bad...

1960, or thereabouts, was the year of crossbreeding, and the invasion of Detroit by alien car forms. Some idiot at Generate Motors crossed a shoe-box with a Go-Cart and gave struggling birth to a malformed midget named Corvax. Another at Chryseis enlisted the aid of his kindergarten-age son and, together with a box of crayons and a couple of bottles of "White-Lightning", they designed the Variant!

Meanwhile, Bord had rationalized that if the driver couldn't see the front of his car, he was likely to have more accidents and again bolster their lagging sales of spare parts. This led to the introduction of a line of droop-nosed monstrosities with an ugly duckling addition to the family trailing along behind. It was called Fallean.

Corvax, Variant, Fallean, are three definitive examples of the new asexual offspring of the "Big Three" automakers. What are they? Perhaps you know, because the cars themselves don't seem to have an answer.

By '63 every big car had a "kid", and some even possessed an intermediate type sandwiched in the middle. Puick made the Driviera and proudly advertised that it combined the most desirable traits of both sexes into one ruggedly elegant model. Mr. (Mrs.?) Puick division of G.M. ignored the fact that medical science adamantly refuses to acknowledge the existence of an intermediate third sex, and brazenly foisted their he-she product onto the car buyers.

Bord, vying for the crown of king of planned obsolescence introduced the 63½ model, the scatback. And "scattered" the B-Bird roof line off the market.

Shades of Christian Dior:

Here in '64 the trend continues; ever more extreme; ever more volumous; ever more sickening! This year the little cars got bigger and everyone is going in for the "Hippy Look" as inspired by Pointiae and Driviera.

Blunderbird changed her skirts again, and now sports the most wickedly-provocative rear-end of any car on the road today. Six square feet of solid taillight illuminate her buttocks and flash invitingly to all and sundry. More lines, models and mutations have been added, engines made bigger, stick-shifts repopularized, and one girl named Grand Spree has hidden her back lights from view behind a facade of winking chrome.

In summation, I find I have many questions unanswered as to the why's and wherefore's of the present automotive dilemma; for instance, is there an essential sexual difference between a pink Blincoln Continental convertible, and a black sedan of the same make? And on a more personal level; why do some people prefer a stick shift to play with, and others the old tail fins to the present "hippy look"? If you had a choice, would you choose a Pointiae Parisienne (very effeminate), or a Bord Galaxie 500XL (still reasonably masculine)?

Where will this insane confusion of gender end...? Can we end it, or will it end us...?

Please disregard these questions, they weren't intended for the survey, but I get a little overwrought at times, besides Georgina has been acting up andMy God! She's overparked....!

Excuse me please while I attend to her will you, these Chevrolet Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Coupe's like Georgina, get very indignant if anyone tries to ram a parking ticket under their wipers....



Possibilities of the Penal Press

FLORENCE L. RANDALL, Ph.D.

The penal press has only begun to come to the notice of the outside citizen, but by no means has it reached the masses, as such, for it is known mostly to public officials, social workers, perhaps ministers of religion, criminologists, journalists, and reformers. Largely, it is of, by, and for prisoners, themselves, and it serves primarily the function of an intramural house organ.

First of all, one must avoid confusing the institutionally supervised and inmate operated magazine, or newspaper, with the great literature, such as **The Apology of Socrates**, **The Revelation of John the Divine**, the **Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy** John Bunyan's **The Pilgrim's Progress**, or lesser essays and books written by individual prisoners and transmitted to the outside for publication. The former are relatively late phenomena, while the latter go back to the beginning of writing. At one time in history, an effective and prolific writer stood a good chance of landing in prison, sooner or later, because he wrote. The literati have been imprisoned, banished, and even burned at the stake for translating the Bible, or for writing other stirring messages on the

grounds that they were menaces to society. Much of this kind of writing was "bootlegged" out of prisons, and it is miraculous that as much of it saw daylight as did. The prisons themselves not only tried to stop written communication with the outside but also effectively prevented publishing within, until comparatively lately, as well as closely screening whatever came in. In recognition of the power of words on paper, communications either to or from prisoners are still watched rather closely, in some instances, and may be censored, rationed, or otherwise restricted.

The penal press is not unique in its primary function of serving prison inmates, which few other people ever see. Colleges and universities have their student papers and other campus publications, almost universally, and most large businesses have their house organs. These, too, are for "insiders" mostly. Religious denominations, fraternal orders, and service clubs likewise publish newspapers, journals, and other materials for their members. All this is entirely legitimate, consistent, and logical.

The difference is however, that the penal institutions belong to society and what they do is everyone's responsibility and concern. Not all the people need to

be consulted about procedural matters and daily routines. Those are administrative details which properly should rest in the hands of administrators charged with the duty of supervising the prisons directly, but the public provides, maintains, and supports the prison system and, in a measure, has responsibility for general policies and objectives in the control of crime and in defining the functions which the prisons are to serve, overall.

Hence, the penal press not only has an obligation to communicate with the general public but also a vital need to reach the outside. In a broad sense prison administrators are appointed to their jobs to carry out the will and philosophy of the whole people in respect to the management and handling of the more than 220,000 human beings in their charge. The people need know something about these inmates. They are not only one's fellow mortals but are also often one's relatives or friends, and easily could be oneself. If I am to endorse the operation and the program of an institution which might become either my own home or the abode of some member of my family at some future date, I should like to know what kind of place it is, which is but to emphasize the need for a personal interest in how the prisons are kept up and administered.

Statistics are lacking to show how many everyday citizens ever saw a prison newspaper, or magazine, but probably not one out of one thousand has ever read a single copy of such a publication. Perhaps less than one person in a hundred knows that prison inmates publish their own newspapers, and maybe not one in ten thousand could name one, even if he had to do so in order to stay out of jail himself. It is of little profit to "manufacture" any such guesses as these, when it is self-evident that the man on the street has almost no contact with penal journalism.

The obvious implication is that a need

exists for a two-way communication between society and its prisons, whereas there is practically none, if we are to have an intelligent attitude and a constructive understanding on penology. Neither to "get tough" with lawbreakers nor to feel sorry for prisoners comprises either an effective method for curbing crime or a rational treatment of the fellow who has been caught, convicted, and "sent up". If the truth were told, it probably would be that the yapper of the typical civilian, if he says anything about penology, sounds to the prison inmate's ears as only so much well meant nonsense and drivel. More likely than not, the inmate frequently mutters prayers saying, "Oh Lord save us from our friends" when he hears the usual pish-posh of the uninformed zealot who thinks his opinions are something imperiously vital.

Writers like Lewis E. Lawes, Thomas Mott Osborne, and many others have told the people about their prisons. Even so, a veteran warden lacks the feeling and the soul of an inmate, no matter how much he may know of administrative mass techniques. It is doubtful, too, that an ex-convict can interpret the inmate's feelings in retrospect nearly as well as the person who writes while in prison. By the time he has been out long enough to get his bearings he will have forgotten a great deal, and will be largely dependent upon anecdotal and episodic recollections.

James F. Fixx, (*Saturday Review*, March 9, 1963) has an article entitled "Journalists Behind Bars" which is a good one for the purpose I have in mind. In fact, he has done several such stories of late in different journals, which have been excellent. They reached mostly a selected public, and no more than a handful of people see them. This man knows his way around.

H. L. Mencken used to get lifers and condemned men to write for the **Ameri-**

can Mercury. Usually, however, either the wardens or the executioners silenced them quickly. For one reason or another, prison administrators fear an inmate who writes for the outside more than the devil feared the Johnstown flood, some years ago.

Yes, ex-convicts do often write when they get out, but they are almost as bad in many cases as the sob-sister who writes in ignorance, but with unlimited zeal, making emotional appeals and turning sordid facts into "juicy confessional". He writes history, but the need is for current communication. We get many stories about the sex perversions of convicts, and we hear often that "Society never understood me or I would never have been in there", but that tells nothing. Nobody ever thoroughly understands anybody, not even himself. It does no good to clutter up whatever little contact the penal press may have with the public at large by self-indulgence, glorified confessions, and special rationalizations. What we need to know is what makes a prisoner "tick", what values appeal to him, what sort of treatment he would most readily respond to a positive way, and what he would like to do with himself if he could do as he wishes. I think, too, that we need to know what forms of treatment are most effective, least effective, ineffective, and also those which achieve results which are at odds with their purposes.

Several good studies have been made on parole prediction, that is on finding out the kinds of prisoners who make good parole prospects, and the adjustments they have made to penal regimentation. I fear, however, that neither the prisoner nor the public knows enough about these studies. For one thing, they are branded as "academic" which spoils everything to the typical American whether in prison or out—the most highly distrusted person in the world is the learned man or woman. Let anyone master a subject

and at once he is labled as a "nut" or a "screwball." Hence, we need greatly to have more "two way" written communication "on the level", for it is the mind of the prisoner and that of the layman which have always been at variance, for the most part.

Presently, the thought rests more heavily upon remedial than upon the preventive phases of the crime problem. Prevention is another matter. We have about 1.2 prisoners per 1000 of the general population, and that counts only persons under conviction who are serving prison terms. We need to know at once what is the best penology for the actual inmate. I have felt for a long time that one of the best possible sources of information upon which to base prison procedures is the rehabilitated prisoner who has made good and is ready for release at an early date. At least, he knows if prison has helped him, and how it did so. Society needs his testimony, just as gravely as do his fellow prisoners, and it needs the information now. After all, mass methods can never achieve their rightful goal of preparing the prisoner to return to civil life unless and until they reach the individual. The same is true of crime prevention, of education, of religion, of health control, and of virtually all other social betterment programs. Whenever, therefore, we do reach the individual we need to know about it. Also, if society is to help the inmate who becomes a "model prisoner" to stay out, once he is released, it is imperative that we know what his needs will be. I am sure that merely guaranteeing him a job is not enough, important as that is. Would that it were all that simple and easy.

Perhaps it is more evident than we realize that we need to improve the communicative relation between the prison and the world at large. Certainly the proof of this need is far more easily established than how to improve the exist-

ting situation. We must face the question of how we can get more opinion and ideas out of the prisons and into the hands of the reading public. That is to raise two questions in one: How can we stimulate the flow of communication each way? Also, how can we get people to read what comes out of the prisons?

Part of the trouble is, as observed at the start, that the penal press is for the penal population, first and last. That is not sufficient. Practically any newspaper or magazine published in New York is for New Yorkers, mainly, but other people still read them both, because New York is a recognized cultural centre. Prisons are not so regarded. Not long ago a friend wrote me about seeing a prison art exhibit. She said, "If you had not been told that the art objects displayed were the productions of prisoners, you would never have suspected that they were." Evidently, this person had a feeling that prison art is likely to be self-betraying. The cure for such an attitude is more frequent exhibition of art. Perhaps a similar application is pertinent to the penal press. At least the better penal newspapers and magazines need to find their way, more often than they do, into public libraries and into other places where the average citizen will stumble upon them in the course of his daily life.

Fixx has commented that penal journalism is "the backwater" of the journalistic profession. He is eminently correct. Writers who could neither get a letter into an "advice-to-the-love-lorn" column nor win a chance to "testify" at a Salvation Army street meeting can "make the penal press." This I know, for I have done it many times. With few exceptions penal press standards are too often quite low. For the most part, penal articles and stories conform very well to the rules of good English usage, but the trouble lies in the substance. News coverage is small, of course, and most of it is "old hat" by

the time a weekly or a monthly, or in some cases a quarterly, publication is announced. Stories about prison life, as such, carry only a limited interest, at best "Lamentations" are of little news value. The best solution for this, as best I can see, is the publication of more appealing "opinion" articles, especially on crucial topics relating to penological areas of thought. These statements are not strictures against the penal press, but are inherent difficulties which it must overcome, if it is to extend its influence effectively beyond the walls surrounding it.

A third problem, one of paramount importance, inheres in meager financial support. Printing and publishing any kind of a news organ in these days is an expensive enterprise. Even if administrators were disposed to make generous allocations of funds for publication purposes, they would not be able, in all cases, to do so because they, too, are dependent upon the people (legislatures) for support. Penal publications have difficulty in augmenting their resources by advertising. In a sense, news is what a paper puts into the space it cannot sell to advertisers. It is the newspapers own advertisement. What travel agency, Chamber of Commerce, or shipping company would spend money to publish colored pictures of vacation attractions in Bermuda or the Swiss alps in penal journals, knowing already that prisoners are unlikely to be going to such places? The fashion makers are not about to spend their money advertising the attire of the well-dressed man in a prison journal. Nor would an automobile manufacture advertise the latest models of cars in such a medium, knowing that prison inmates are not in the current market for stylish transportation. They do not advertise paddy wagons, hearses, and dog catchers cages even in the elite magazines. The result is that the penal publication must hobble along as it best can on the niggardly pit-

tances it can raise by its own prodigious efforts. It is forced, therefore, to minimize whatever it may publish and to streamline its activities to the point of austerity.

While the foregoing are always latent problems of the penal press, they are by no means beyond solution. At some stage in its existence, almost every business goes through a period when it must lift itself out of the quicksand by its own boot straps.

It may be heart-warming to the penal editor to know that outside readers share their penal journals generously with one another. In that manner, somehow readers of prison literature multiply, so that in time they become influential. I never consign a penal magazine to the wastebasket, but always either send it to a friend or contribute it to a library. I am constrained to think other readers do the same. It might help greatly to print a line on every issue of a prison paper saying "Please do not destroy this paper, but pass it on to a friend." Maybe there is a better way to say it, but that is the idea I would recommend for extending prison news circulation.

Practically every college offers one or more courses in criminology and penology. Everywhere, the classes in these subjects overflow with students. These would be good outlets for club-type subscriptions, even if extended only to those colleges which are located in the same state as the prison. In total, this would soon reach tens of thousands of readers throughout the country. Besides colleges, many other institutions are interested in welfare and prevention. Civic clubs, hospitals, youth groups, religious auxiliaries, study clubs, and the like belong in this general category of readers.

While I distinguish the penal press and literature written in prison, I certainly do not discredit the convict free-lance

writer. Often his influence as an individual has been far greater than that of a freight car load of newspapers. The Sacco Van Zetti Letters still have people debating their innocence or guilt, although they went to the chair thirty-seven years ago, or thereabouts. Who knows whether or not Caryl Chessman should have died in California's gas chamber? Not even the confirmed believers in capital punishment can be sure of it. Where does that leave those of us who oppose it enthusiastically? We are stirred up. Who can measure the influence of the Book of Revelation? It was written on Rome's "Devil's Island," the Isle of Patmos, by St. John, The Divine, in banishment. The utterance of Jesus, and of thousands of Christians, in the agonies of The Cross, The Flames, the lion's den, and on the torture wheel still silence the world by their wisdom and consecration. I would encourage the prisoner to write when he has the impulse to do so. His words might reach the minds of people who will not be born for the next thousand years.

We cannot expect that the penal press will replace **The Readers Digest** overnight. However, it might make the pages of the bible of the village sage, if it does a good enough job of the job it does. If so, it will reach people. Hence, I conclude as I began by insisting that the penal press has an important function which is of a dual character. It must inform the prisoner, of course, about what goes on both within and without, and also it should enlarge that function so that it can give those without a clear notion of what occurs and of what is needed within the prison itself, if society is to cope at all with the crime problem which is a potential menace to every person in the land, prisoner and civilian alike. Perhaps if this can become a reality the people will one day redesign the penological system to make it serve better the end of protecting society and of returning prisoners whole to society to live as free men and women.



SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

by Vince Mulligan

BASEBALL PRISON LEAGUE NOW ORGAN- IZED AWAITING START OF SEA- SON

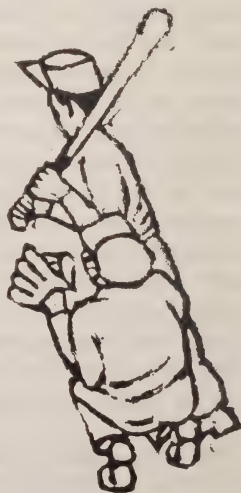
The Prison League's war council headed by the Ball Commissioner and comprised of the six elected managers: Brown, Bensette, McKillop, Johnson, Rodrique and Aube met in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, April 28th and selected players for their respective teams.

The names for the teams selected showed imagination and originality... they will be known as:
COBRAS Manager: W. Johnson
STROLLERS Manager: 'Tex' Brown
SPOILERS Manager: Benny Bensette
MUSTANGS Manager: Red McKillop

It was no easy chore selecting the teams and coming up with the top fifty players. The managers spent the entire day scanning a field of 100 pro-

spects. Discrepancies arose when the system for choosing was introduced. With the arguments settled, the decision agreed upon by all present was put into operation and the meeting progressed smoothly.

Players who were not placed on one of the four teams were placed in the



pool, from which they will be picked up as replacements for injured regulars or transfers.

EXHIBITION GAMES SEE ALL FOUR PRISON LEAGUE TEAMS IN ACTION

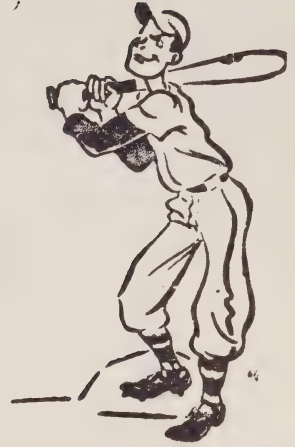
*Spoilers Take the Spoils.....
Cobras Bare Fangs to No Avail*

Manager Bensette gleamed with paternal pride as his "SPOILERS" downed Johnson's COBRAS 11-5 in the opening exhibition game of the season. Paul Rodrique was lauded as the winning pitcher.

Outstanding performances were displayed by short-stop McVeigh; first base Drosdick; catcher Lalonde and Outfielders, Goulet, Perdue, and Taylor. John Hans relayed the signals from 3rd. Base.

The 'Cobras' were holding their ground until the fifth inning when a long hit ball by McVeigh started the Spoilers rally. Eby and Larkin playing second and third bases respectively, were anchor-men for the Cobras.

McNight, Facer, Whiteman, Johnson, Yorkie and Robinson turned in crowd-pleasing performances for the 'Cobras'.



*Strollers Stroll Decisively....
Mustangs Downed 21-11.*

Manager 'Tex' Brown's Strollers mauled McKillop's 'Mustangs' by the score of 21-11. Wally Dumas was the winning hurler. Herb Handy, Murray Palmer, Bob Cook and Gouvillion gave support to the pitching prowess of Dumas. Simser, Harper and Lavoie cinched first string positions in the eyes of Tex Brown and the critical afficiandos who applauded this victory.

Red McKillop is confident in the ability of his playing personnel, crediting the loss to "Start of the season jitters". Barker, Alberts, Morrison, Breen, Upshaw, Holditch, Yencer, Sauve and Dillon played well for the Mustangs. When the Teams do settle down, it will be a tight race for the pennant.

SAINTS BOW 14-7 IN OPENER AGAINST CHERRY VALLEY

Both teams gathered at home plate and listened to a few brief comments by this reporter about the early and historical prowess of the Saints of yesteryear. Deputy Jarvis gave a short welcoming speech. Pictures were taken of both teams by Deputy Jarvis. The Cherry Valley manager Vern Armstrong introduced the visitors. Yours truly, the Saints. Johnny Tryon the bat boy gathering a good

round of applause.

The inaugural pitch was launched by Assistant Warden Graves to Vern Armstrong who cracked a sharp single to left field, Deputy Jarvis then took his swing, missing the first pitch and dribbling a weak grounder down first base line on his second try. Deputy Warden Chinnery did the catching.

After four full innings of play the Saints were front running 4 to 3. The Valley men were sparked in the 5th inning with a home run with three men on base by DeMille.

Challette homered over the wall in the 7th for the Saints and it looked as tho the Saints were going to rally, but DeMille had other ideas and his mound wizardry stifled any further runs by the Saints at that point. In the last inning Saint strategists John Meany and Red Gee put in pinch-hitter Bob Eby who singled to left field, Challette and Handy moved Eby around to 3rd base. Bases were loaded, McVeigh stepped up to bat, got on base through a fielder's choice, Eby was forced out at home. The final score; Cherry Valley 14, Saints 7.

SAINTS WINGS CLIPPED BY OTTAWA'S WINDSOR HOUSE. 12-3..

At no point in the game did the Stalwarth Saint's pose as a threat to the visiting team from Canada's Capitol. The straw that broke the camels back chanced along in the 5th inning. The straw was in the form of a bat in the hands of the Ottawans Centre Fielder Murray LaRoque. He belted a grand slammer that set the victory pace.

A home-run ball by Saint's Wally Johnson and dazzling glove work by McVeigh, Challette and Coates came too late in the game. Dewan the Ottawa's pitcher performed miraculously and on two instances pitched the ball behind his back to his special target of the afternoon Rocky Thibeau. The final score: Ottawa 12, Saints 3..

SAINT'S LINE-UP..

PLAYER	POSITION
Challette	1st Base
Handy	2nd Base
McVeigh	Short Stop
Johnson	Centre Field
Larkin	Third Base
Perdue	Right Field
Thibeau	Catcher
Dumas	Pitcher
Lalonde	Left Field
Palmer	Centre Field
Eby	Short Stop
Cook	1st Base
Benning	Short Stop
O'Neil	Centre Field
Brindley	Pitcher
Toop	Pitcher
Rodrique	Pitcher

The games were officiated by Fox, Hlusiak, Waters, Stewart, LaPlante, Allison and Chateauvert.

BASEBALL TEAM STANDINGS!!!

TEAM	WINS	LOSSES	TIES	POINTS
Spoilers	5	1	0	10
Strollers	3	3	0	6
Mustangs	3	3	0	6
Cobras	1	5	0	2

TOP TEN BATTERS — WITH AT LEAST 15 TIMES AT BAT.

1.	McVeigh	.600
2.	Coates	.470
3.	Larkin	.454
4.	Johnston	.435
5.	Thibeault	.412
6.	Drosick	.409
7.	Cook	.380
8.	Palmer	.364
9.	Diriger	.350
10.	Handy	.350

TOP PITCHERS.	I.P.	H.	B.B.	S.O.	E.E.	E.R.A.
1. Rodrique	29	19	12	26	9	2.79
2. Brindley	16	2	6	6	9	5.05
3. Dumas	44	46	16	38	25	5.11
4. Johnston	33	54	5	20	23	6.21

SULTANS OF SWAT

R.B.I.'s	DOUBLES	TRIPLES	HOME RUNS.
Palmer—9	Larkin—4	Larkin	Johnston
	McKillop	Cook	Larkin—2
	McVeigh	Palmer—2	Cook
	Brown	Diriger	Eby
	Cook	Lalonde	Weston
			Goulet
			Upshaw

CHALLETTE AND JOHNSON....BIG GUNS IN SAINT'S VICTORY....

The Saint's regained their halos by downing Trenton Air Force Base by a score of 9 to 6.

The Saint's were trailing by one run going into the 7th inning, Wally Johnson's 260 foot home run off of Trenton's Pitcher Ratusniak tied the score 6-6.

The Saint's held the boys scoreless in their half of the 8th. The Saint's turned the tide with their turn to bat in the 8th. With two men on base, Pete Challette stepped up to the plate and slammed a three run homer over the wall. It was the first loss to Trenton and ironically the first win for the Saint's..

HANDBALL.....

The fastest game in the institution is beckoning to all Handball enthusiasts. Many men are taking to the courts and displaying their cat like reflexes against the winsome, ricocheting, rocketing and elusive red sponge ball. Co-ordination, agility and athletic prowess are the fain factors.

The team of Staley and Goodwin are still leading in the doubles. Donny Antone, Stewey Anderson, Herb Handy, Harry Foster, Steve Czuper, Davey Johnson, Bob Hawley, Brian Seip, Scotty Smith, Earl Harper, Freddie Marsh, Don Stewart, Howie Breen, Mert Decoach, Jim Borrens, Johnny Tryon, Jack Jolly to name a few are inviting all singles competitors.

The scrap iron pile on the local scene has increased two-fold. New bars, plates and benches have been added to the present stock to insure an adequate supply for all the weight-lifters and body builders.

Sam Cleveland is out there on a full time basis to give assistance and instruction to any willing novice. The men who have shown the greatest improvement in their physical muscular development and overall strength are; S. Cleveland, A. Gillies, L. Jones, L. Peltier, R. Whetstone, G. Lang, W. Bell, J. Vedal, R. Kane, J. Roy, P. Zimba, M. Palmer, B. Mickle, Scotty M., J. Jolley, P. Faer, T. Beck, F. Pollock, and P. Simzar.

K.P.'s present stock of iron men are fast becoming the envy of the population. Their carriage, their physical and mental structure and altherness is convincing proof that better bodies build better minds and healthier and stronger constitutions.

ESCAPE!

Detroit—A guard fired a warning shot as prisoner Joseph Van Dozen reached the barbed-wire top of a fence that surrounds the Detroit house of correction.

"Stop shooting," the 19-year-old Detroiter shouted, "I'm coming down." The guard stopped.

Van Dozen came down on the outside of the fence.

Police are looking for him to complete the 78-day jail term he got for escaping while serving time for a previous misdemeanor.

(Via: The Windsor Star)

SON HOLDS UP BARBER/FATHER

New York—Valintine Lopez told police he would have no difficulty identifying a man who invaded his Bronx barbershop Saturday and took \$30 at gun-point. What puzzled Lopez was "why did he have to use a gun? I'd have given him anything."

The sobbing barber indentified the gunman as Jose Lopez, his 30-year old son. **LAW'S LOOT IS BOGUS**

Indianapolis—The U.S. Secret Service had bad news for the thief who looted its office here. The stolen money was counterfeit.

(Via Toronto Telegram)



Congratulations!

Dear Sirs:

My personal congratulations on the quality of content and printing of your spring issue. Certain of the material prompts me to quote:

*"In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce devine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line,
Between the two where God has not."*
(Joaquin Miller)

Yours truly,
H.G.T. Andrews,
Provincial Magistrate

Please Hurry!

Dear Editors:

Thank you very much for sending me the January issue of Telescope. I have certainly enjoyed the two issues that I have received and you are definitely to be congratulated on your publication. I found it interesting, educational and well put together. Many of the articles give good food for thought to all of us and I especially enjoyed the various drawings and poetry.

I just want to say I am looking forward to my next issue. They just don't come soon, or often enough!

Sincerely,
(Miss) May Hotti,
San Francisco.

What Happened?

Dear Sir:

It is almost two months now! I sent one whole dollar for a years subscription to my favorite magazine, and did not receive it yet! would you please let me know what the trouble could be?

Thank you,
Mrs Violet Young,
Port Albernie, B.C.

Our troubles are many, and their results are that we cannot get them printed on time.—Sorry

Will you do us a favour?

Dear Sir:

I am writing to ask a favour. Some kind person has sent my son a subscription to your magazine. It is greatly appreciated, but there is just one thing wrong. Unless this book is sent direct from the publisher, he is not allowed to receive it. Would you be kind enough to see that it is sent direct to him?

I like telescope very much and I am sure that all the boys will too. His address is Ronald Rivet, c/o Box 285, Burwash Ontario.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. J. Rivet,
Ottawa, Ontario.

We thank Mrs. Rivet for her kind words and hope she and her son continue to enjoy Telescope. Her request is cordially granted. (Editors)

And One for a Friend

Dear Editors:

Thank you for your letter and the issue of Telescope that you were so good as to send me. I enclose \$1.00 for a year's subscription and an additional dollar for a friend, Mrs, Hinchley of Owen Sound. Thank you very much. I wish you and your magazine every success.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) D. Adamson,
Belleville, Ont.

Great!

Dear Sir:

The Telescope is an incredibly fine piece of literary art. You and all those responsible for it have my congratulations and a dollar for a year's subscription. Nice going.

We are delighted at your interest in UNDERDOG. The article enclosed describes the organization as it is today and you may be sure we would be honored by its appearance in your magazine.

Kindest regards, and again our congratulations on a top-flight piece of publication.

Sincerely,
David Cowlshaw,
Director.

How much?—How often?

I am a student of criminology at the University of Alberta. I am very interested in obtaining a copy and perhaps a subscription to Telescope. Would you kindly send me information on the frequency and price of this publication. Thank you.

Yours truly,
Duane H. Massing.
Panoka, Alberta.

12 issues per year. Only \$1.00

ACROSS

- 1. Jobs
- 5. Sea
- 8. Lama
- 12. Ados
- 13. Pam
- 14. Acid
- 15. Vine
- 16. Avouched
- 18. Ani
- 19. Trend
- 20. Ens
- 21. Fees
- 23. Gap
- 25. Slander
- 32. Tact
- 33. Rip
- 35. Aged
- 36. Sheer
- 38. Destine
- 40. Rae
- 42. Suet
- 43. Udo
- 46. Slate
- 48. Alp
- 51. Polypode
- 53. Otoo
- 54. Alae
- 55. Par
- 56. Sess
- 58. Ems
- 59. Eras
- 28. Llama

DOWN

- 1. Java
- 2. Odin
- 3. Boniface
- 4. S S E
- 5. Sparcer
- 6. Eave
- 7. Among
- 8. Lac
- 9. Ache
- 10. Mien
- 11. Adds
- 17. Udal
- 19. Ted
- 22. Enter
- 24. Plate
- 25. Sts.
- 26. Lah
- 27. Rid
- 29. Agitator
- 30. Men
- 31. Ade
- 34. Pesters
- 37. Rasp
- 39. Sue
- 41. Elope
- 43. Upas
- 44. Dole
- 45. Olas
- 47. Adam
- 49. Lora
- 50. Pens
- 52. Yes
- 53. Ote

Editors

Gentlemen:

It is very seldom we receive a ray of pure sunshine such as the recently printed letter from Mr. J.E. Fisher of Ottawa. That someone without an axe to grind and without relatives on the inside should be interested to this extent, gives us hope. With his liberal views to such a complex problem, he shows a rare talent which in itself, were it universal, would go far towards curbing recidivism. Mr. Fisher's theory, that the effects of returning to society are a leading cause of recidivism is sad but true. People do not want us to be repeaters, but neither do they want us to return home. Granted, we are in a position of our own making but do these individuals expect us to remain in jail forever? If so, I pity these individuals and hope they never find themselves aboard this ship. The seas are rough, the critical wind is cutting and the waves are barriers; insurmountable barriers that do not permit our return to the haven of calmer waters. We wish to get off

but the captain, our critics, will not allow us to land in silence and take up our lives. Yes, the seas are rough and the trip fraught with frustration. But the hard part is being turned away from our home port when our one desire is to remove ourselves from this Hell-bound ghost ship and melt into the background as propitious members of our community.

It is not the honest people we fear, as honest people try to help and only criticize when forced to. Those who have sinned or are living in sin are our critics. These are the people who say we should all be shot. Shooting every criminal might be better than classing us as animals. Perhaps the reason our critics are so active is just an attempt to make people overlook their own mistakes. We have no desire to associate with hypocrisy either, which makes such people more ignoble while actions and insults become cutting and personal. The stronger within our ranks recognize this and ignore it; the weaker, overcome by weakness, succumb to such hate mongers and return to this Hell-bound ship where misery has comfort and the proletariat exist in a mood of defeatism. Where such defeatism is rampant, failure must be a bed fellow. To err is human and as Mr. Fisher says "to be human is to be ideal." To commit a crime, even though it be impulsive is wrong and we know it, but is it right for us to serve our sentence and have the true punishment start after our release?

Mr. Fisher has seen fit to express feeling we cannot express. There are many adverse letters we would like to answer but do not, since our views are automatically considered biased, incompetent and irrelevant. The widespread delusion that inmates in this prison lack intelligence is quite apparent in some letters to the editor. Using the self-satisfying term "friend of the inmate" to present liberal views in letters para-phrased with ostracism, is a blatant contradiction quite obvious to men and women who may read such letters many times over. To insult

a man's intelligence under the guise of friendship is acceptable to no man and to do so with a man whose lips are sealed and whose pen lies idle perforce is anything but friendly.

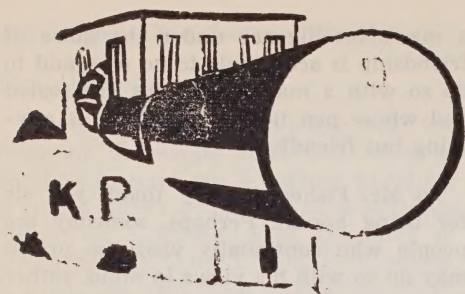
To Mr. Fisher, we say thank you sir for being honest. Perhaps, someday the people who continually visit the prison may do so with his views in mind, rather than feeling as one who is visiting the local zoo. When visitors truly want information and honest answers they will start questioning inmates rather than accepting a set of stereotype answers. We are not all prejudice and above all we are not all temporarily tamed wild beasts to be observed from a distance. To the people who want answers to failures in reform, I say, come and get them, but do not accept half truths and evasions. Do not regard us as wild beasts or something dirty and expect co-operation, or write degrading letters safe in the assumption that we cannot answer.

Perhaps, I am out of place in writing this letter. But any man, to resemble a man, cannot continue to accept dogmatism which goes against his basic concepts of humanity, as fact, without being directly affected. I enjoy reading the letters to the editor and everyone has a right to contribute, but do not call me friend and then kick me when I'm down. When men have something to say, they should be heard which is their right but do not say one thing and mean another, nor hide your true feelings behind glib statements.

I close with the words of George Bernard Shaw:

"Imprisonment is retributory, deterrent and reformatory at the same time. If you are to punish a man retributively you must injure him. If you are to reform him you must improve him. And men are not improved by injuries."

Yours truly,
Earl C. Graham
Inmate



PENAL PRESS

REVIEW

Reflector — Minn.

Citizen Virginia.

Don't take this the wrong way, but for girls, you do a pretty good job on your local mags. There is always a big demand for your magazines.

Prison Mirror — Minn.

In your movie list you rated the Liston—Clay fight as "very good". We must have seen a different bout.

The Eagle — West Virginia.

Females are supposed to have little humour, but this saying is shattered in your mag.

Carrie K's "Wealth of a Pharoa" is exceptionally well written. Got a laugh out of *Spring and Calories* by Vivian Darlene, but only because we can never gain enough weight here.

Presidio — Iowa.

In your *Excerpts from the Past* column, you state that the guards uniforms were changed to blue in 1934. Well, as of April 1st, this year, the officer's uniforms here were officially changed to blue, making us only thirty years behind the times.

The Harbinger

Take the fish and pole away from the con on your cover and add a gun and ducks and you have our October, 1960 cover. Imitation is the height of flattery but really fellas! Incidentally our one and only Jim Law is back so you'll undoubtedly see more of Joe Con.

Glad to see you have reinstalled the penal press review, as we remember yours was above par, as was the rest of your mag.

Your story about the TV program, *The Fugitive*, was read with interest, as way up here we view it with vigor. Comments run from wishing Kimball is caught, executed and then the real killer is caught, to wishing that Kimball is really guilty. Few guys hope it ends with Kimball exonerated. But we all agree the killer will be caught and as usual, (according to TV) he'll be some kind of depraved animal.

Raiford Record — Florida

As usual, your latest, rates among the top five in the penal press in all departments with the exception of photography. The story by Johnny Montos about the Greek was exceptional, keep up the good work.

Newsletter — New York City

The two photographs on page six, of the late president and his son were exceptional. Top rated magazine for photography.

Island Lantern — Washington

You credit the Atlantian with your reprint of *Mine Is Lonely Wine*. This story is a Telescope original and the author, the wife of a K.P. inmate. The Atlantian did reprint it though, as did other magazines and newspapers.

Diamond . . . Feb.

Your opinion poll wasn't greeted very popularly in this pen. It just doesn't sound logical that 64% of the guys here would say they expect to return after a short sojourn on the streets. The article on *The Spiderman of Collins Bay* was pretty humorous. Keep up the good work.

NOTICE!

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Due to circumstances beyond our control, we have been unable to get a magazine published each month. As a result of this, we find that we are four months behind schedule. Therefore, we have decided to combine several issues until we catch up. As our print shop is now utilizing several pieces of new equipment, it is improbable that we will ever get behind again. This issue will be May-June. The next will be July-August, and finally September-October. With the November Telescope, we will return to our regular schedule. All subscribers will be credited with three extra issues...*The Editors.*



things go
better
with
Coke

TRADE MARK REG.



Both Coca-Cola and Coke are registered trade marks which identify only the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.